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Vol. CXXXIV. No. 1745

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JULY 1, 1933

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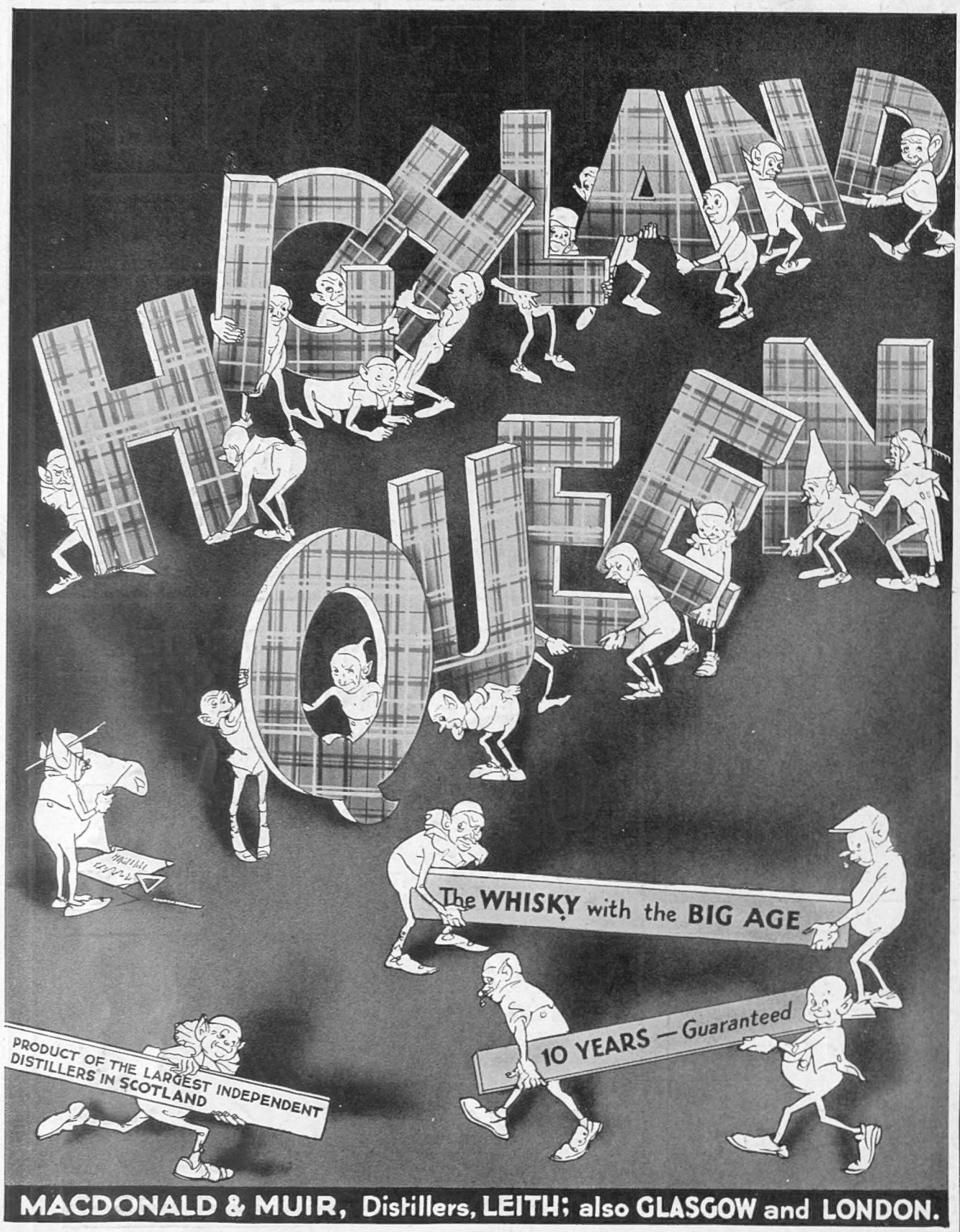

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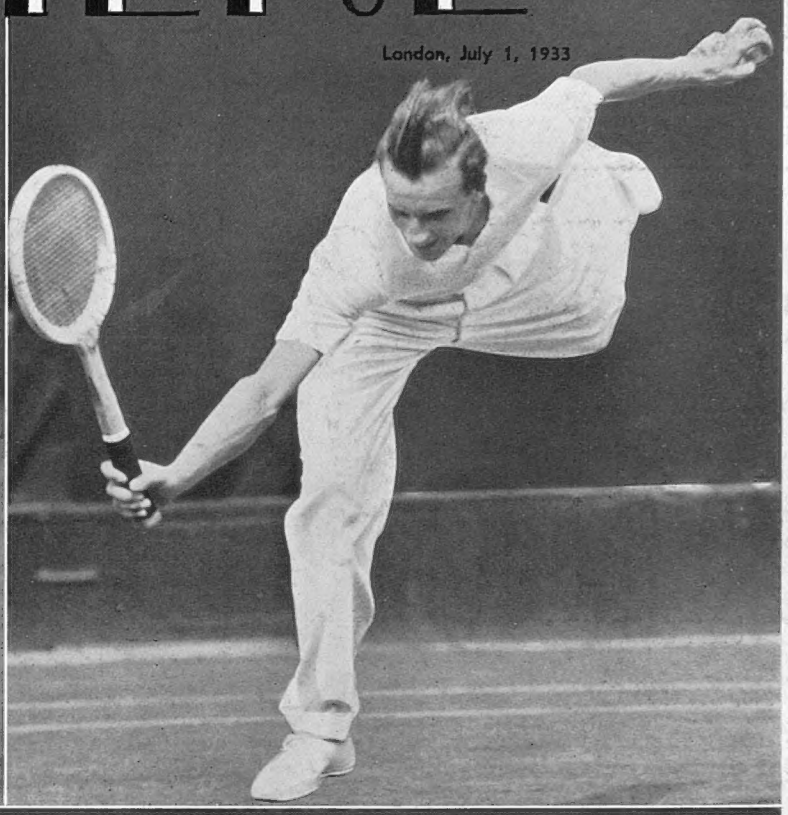
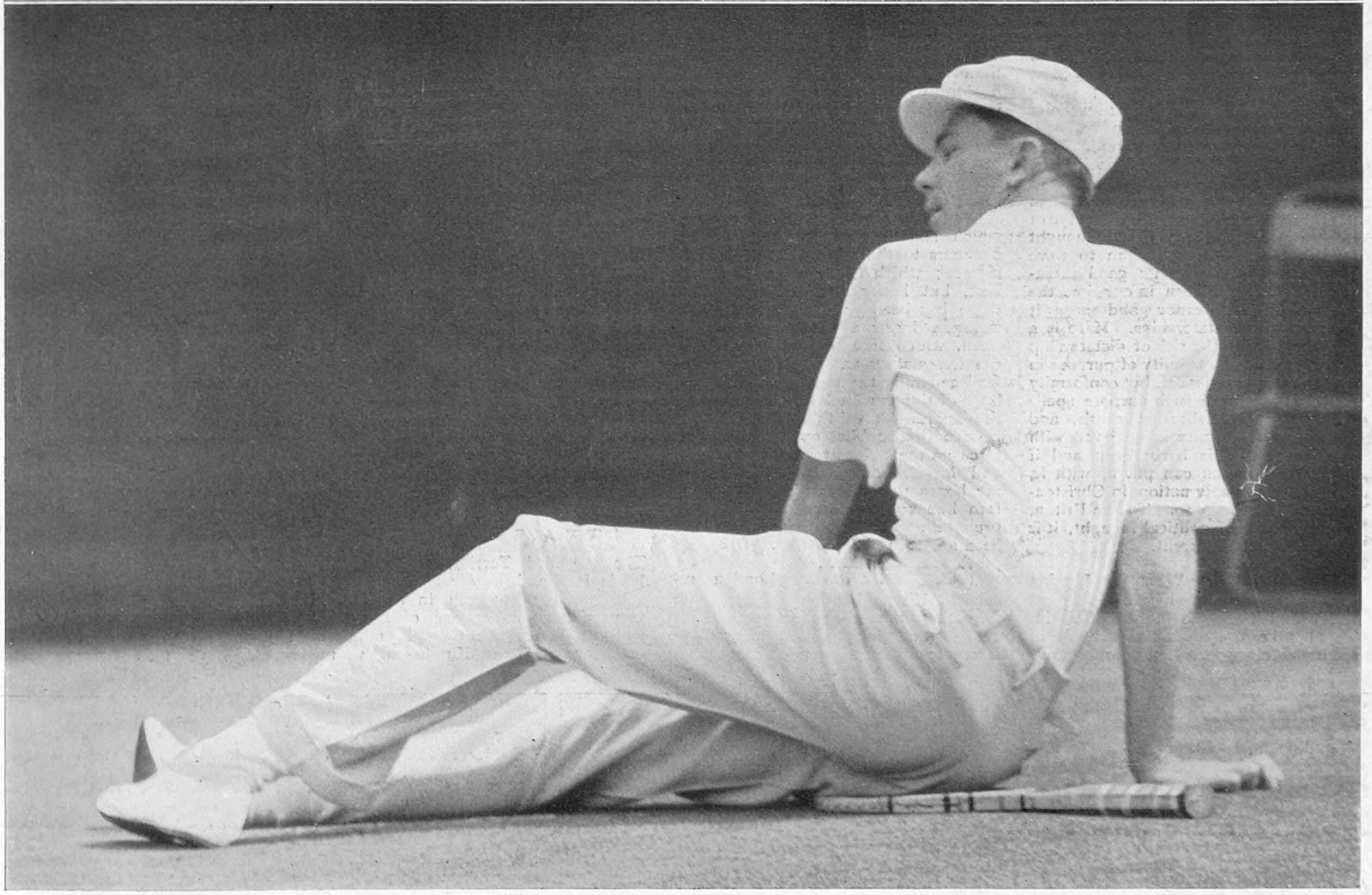
THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, July 1, 1933





WIMBLEDON OPENS

The Stars in Action on the Opening Day

Wimbledon was at its best for the opening of the Lawn Tennis Championships on Monday. A dull and sultry morning gave place to an afternoon of brilliant sunshine, and, by the time the first match was due to begin, the Centre Court was almost as crowded as it usually is on the last day of the Tournament. Although the seeding system prevented clashes between the star performers, who in most cases established their superiority with little difficulty, there was one thrill that all but produced a first-class surprise. J. Crawford, Australia's No. 1 player and a favourite for the Championship, met unexpectedly powerful opposition from the hard-serving Spaniard, E. Maier, who struck his very best form. In a gruelling five set match with the issue always in doubt, Maier actually won twenty-five games to Crawford's twenty-four; but for the Spaniard's eagerness, and the Australian's imperturbable play in the last critical set, there was little doubt as to who was the superior player on the day. Crawford eventually won by 7–5, 6–4, 2–6, 3–6, 6–4. H. W. Austin, who is seen in action in the top picture on the left, easily defeated W. A. R. Collins by 6–1, 6–0, 6–1, while F. J. Perry (top right) had little difficulty in accounting for the Belgian, A. Lacroix. Ellsworth Vines (below), the reigning champion, who is seen resting on the court, was hardly extended in his match with the British player, G. R. B. Meredith, who captured only three games in the whole match

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

"NURSED IN WAR'S ALARMS": The Duke of Connaught inspecting the Yeomen of the Guard at St. James's Palace last week

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, June 28, 1933.

A NAZI SHOCK.—Communists, Jews, Catholics, Socialists, one by one the great parties in Germany fade into obscurity before the uncontrollable flames of Nazi enthusiasm. Pledges have been thrown to the winds, promises are scraps of paper; young Germany, and indeed anything else handy, is at all costs to become Nazi, entirely Nazi, very Nazi indeed. This astonishing example of Nationalism or Nazi-alism slashes across the face of the World Conference which was to pave the way to the new millennium of internationalism in political thought (and has not to date begun to pave even a new hell with its good intentions). We have seen in our time the failure of Democracy and seen it replaced with dictatorships. Here is a terrible lesson of the risk of dictatorship uncontrolled. Unanimity of purpose in a nation is a grand ideal, but conformity of ideas to achieve such purpose spells political and intellectual death, and when that conformity is achieved with bludgeons, that is barbarism; and if the German nation can put up with it, it is about the only nation in Christendom that could do so. To the Briton, of every shade of political thought, it is anathema and abhorrent.

THE HUB.—When the London Season is at its height—in good times and bad—the money pours in. This has been a notable season, one of the best during what we hope and believe to be the end of the doldrums period. The Conference has made London the hub of the Universe, and the foreign entry is not confined to the delegates and staffs of sixty nations. The dressmakers benefited from a brilliant Ascot; nearly half-a-million people saw the Tattoo, all records being broken. Wimbledon has on the whole, all things considered, opened very well, a fine fillip having been given the meeting by the earlier triumphs of British women players, whose names are not too familiar as household words. The Test match suffered from the weather financially, but apropos to cricket and receipts, the late rough and-tumble in Australia brought the M.C.C. £36,000, which should benefit the county exchequers to the extent of £300 at least a-piece; which is not as good as the best, but better than nothing. Then there has been a Royal visitor and a welcome increase in Court entertainment, which means good business for the dressmakers and the restaurateurs. And generally the sun has smiled and hope distinctly raised its head. As for the final issue of the Conference, I believe that public opinion may yet force on the delegates some unanimity and breadth of view. I feel it in my bones that the nations will come into line upon constructive if limited proposals. The opening weeks have been a blowing off of steam.

KING FEISAL.—London received King Feisal warmly and forgetting the discomfort which his arrival unwittingly caused to traffic—it took me twenty-five minutes to cross the park from Stanhope Gate to Albert Gate—rejoiced in the pageantry prepared for him. He wore cream and blue and feathers, and looked every inch a grave statesman-sovereign of a modernized member-state of the League of Nations. Our pundits in full regalia were strung out in a thin line to meet him on Victoria platform. Royalty and the Services of course wear their uniform to the manner born; the civilians are less happy. Mr. MacDonald is definitely not cut out for ceremonial dress, but the two Sir Johns put up a good show, and the Lord Mayor and Aldermen enchanted the spectators, as did the Rev. the Mayor of Westminster and his chaplain. And King Feisal performed his first engagements with Church and State in the Borough of Westminster with distinction, and appeared variously puzzled, gratified, and amused. By now he has got used to our peculiarities in London, Edinburgh, Aldershot, and elsewhere, and takes it all as a matter of course. The State processions were perfectly staged, and pageant-loving Londoners felt a regret that these functions have become all too rare.

DISPLAYS OF FORCE.—The cancelled Territorial Review in Hyde Park and the Air Force Pageant at Hendon were both in their way very notable indications of Britain's will to disarmament and military economy. The King's wish to encourage the Territorials is well-timed; if in the last year or two they have suddenly been accorded a respect they have long deserved, the recruiting figures show that this vital reserve is still suffering from the long era of discouragement engendered by the obstinate prejudice against amateur soldiers of the old gang (who so long swopped the higher commands among themselves). It was a prejudice utterly inexplicable considering the services rendered during the War by millions of "amateurs," as organizers, fighters, and strategists. What else were the Canadian and Australian contingents and where the devil would the British Army have been without them? Or without the pioneers of those regiments which but for the rain would have filed before the King

Wimbledon's Eight Seeded Men's Singles Contestants

H. W. AUSTIN: Last year's Wimbledon finalist. Ranked 4th

THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP GOES TO A 55-YEAR-OLD VETERAN: The Hon. Michael Scott (Royal St. George's, Sandwich) seen with the trophy after defeating T. A. Bourn (Sunningdale) in the 36-hole final at the Royal Liverpool Club Course, Hoylake, last Saturday by 4 up and 3. In the earlier rounds the winner had one or two narrow escapes, but in the final proved his mastery by consistent and at times dazzling play on the greens

MISS PEGGY SCRIVEN: Champion of France. Ranked third

MISS DOROTHY ROUND: Wimbledon's seeded star

FRAULEIN KRAHWINKEL: Germany's No. 1 woman player. Ranked 6th

MLLE JEDRZEJOWSKA: Poland's hard-hitting representative

MLLE L. PAYOT: Switzerland's champion. Ranked 8th

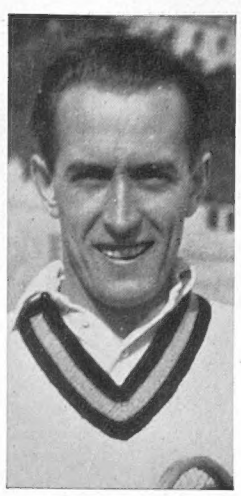
MADAME MATHIEU: France's No. 1 woman player

MISS HELEN JAC... U.S.A. Champion, Wimbledon's runn...

J. H. CRAWFORD: Winner the 1933 French Championship

F. J. PERRY: Britain's Davis Cup player. Ranked 6th

H. G. N. LEE: Another seeded member of the British contingent



HENRI COCHET: A champion of several seasons

JIRO SATOH: A Japanese Davis Cup star. Ranked 7th

ELLSWORTH VINES: Last year's Wimbledon champion

CLIFFORD SUTTER: America's third ranking singles player

last Saturday? As for the Air Force, it remains (at present) the expedient of a nation charged with the duty of policing a far-flung Empire and its sometimes turbulent neighbours, with an army cut down to 40 per cent. of its requirements.

A POPULAR WIN IN THE GREYHOUND CLASSIC OF THE YEAR: Mr. W. A. Evershed, owner, and Mr. S. S. Probert, trainer, accompanying Future Cutlet round the Wembley track after a dramatic win in last Saturday's Greyhound Derby. Wild Woolley and the Cardiff dog Beef Cutlet were both popular fancies, but failed to hold the winner's unexpected burst of speed from the final bend. Future Cutlet started at the long odds of 6—1

ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER.

—Colonel Percy Laurie, promoted from Deputy to Assistant Commissioner at the "Yard," has had a long experience of police duties. He was in the Greys and has retained his affection for grey horses. During the latter part of the War he was A.P.M. to General Kavanagh's (Cavalry) Corps, and had held previously a large number of Staff appointments. A notable horse master, he was in his element at horse shows in France, and after the War he took charge of the mounted branch of the Metropolitan Police. And very efficient became the horse management and very smart the parades and turn-out of the mounted branch. Colonel Laurie on his grey horse has long been the admiration of the crowd and the herald of the pageant at ceremonial processions through London. Mr. Nott-Bower, who becomes Chief Constable, has an even more ample experience of the rough side of police duties. His father, Sir William, was Commissioner of the City Police for over twenty years. Mr. Nott-Bower gained his experience in the Indian Police and has had more than one hair-breadth escape when endeavouring to arrest revolutionaries and thugs.

A VETERAN GOLFER.

—"Youth will be served," the inexorable maxim of the prize ring, is less applicable to the "game o' gowf." But crack, international golf contests put the severest possible strain on a golfer's physical powers and nervous energy, and it is a marvel that a man of fifty-five should reach the final of the Amateur Championship. That, incredibly, is the age of Mr. Michael Scott, the winner of the B.A.G.C. at Hoylake. Thirty years ago he was showing Australia how to play golf; a quarter of a century ago, three at least of the large family of the 3rd Earl of Eldon were snatching the pots in the men's and women's golfing championships in England and Scotland. Mr. Scott must be added to the little list which includes Kirkaldy, Horace Hutchinson, James Braid, J. B. Pease, A. C. M. Croome and Bernard Darwin among other distinguished veterans, who gave the lie to the theory that a golfer is too old at fifty.

LIDOS AND ROAD-HOUSES.

—When last week, in doubtful weather, Guildford's Mayor removed his robes of office and took a "corporation flopper" into the clear water of Guildford's new Lido, he signalized the fact that Surrey had taken the plunge and resolved to bank on the permanent return of the old-fashioned English summer. This new Lido lies a stone's-throw from the completed section of the road which is ultimately to by-pass Guildford and Godalming on the way from London to Portsmouth; and when the sun shines everything in the Lido is lovely. It is a jewel set in green meadows; lawns, terraces, pellucid jade water, fountains cascading, a sun-bathing beach, open-air restaurants, and car accommodation. The road-hog fleeting by gets a tantalising and uninterrupted view of golden bodies and may be tempted to apply his brakes. Indeed, the inevitable has happened on this by-pass road as on others; traffic has been attracted to it long before it is prepared for traffic. Private enterprise has developed the ribbon frontage along an uncompleted speedway. The new road so far merely diverts the traffic chaos in Guildford from the narrow High Street to the narrower station approaches.

HOW LONG?

—Along the old roads, in places inaccessible to 'planes, the old Georgian houses, deserted long since as private residences, are being transformed into road-houses, having as their ideal the stage settings of the play, *Road House*. Swimming baths, open-air restaurants, putting greens, coloured lights, all-night dancing facilities, and, as a side issue, genuine antiques for sale in the Georgian setting of the old house. On new roads and old, these road-houses are springing up and charming the gold from the pockets of motorists. And so long as the sun shines and the thermometer registers over 70 deg., it is very well. But those who still distrust the British climate and those who believe we are on the threshold of "flying for all," regard these Lidos and road-houses as wasting securities for invested money. Their survival beyond an ephemeral phase of fashion seems to depend on fine, hot summers, and on the proximity of suitable ground for aerodromes.

JULY AND THE GARDENS.

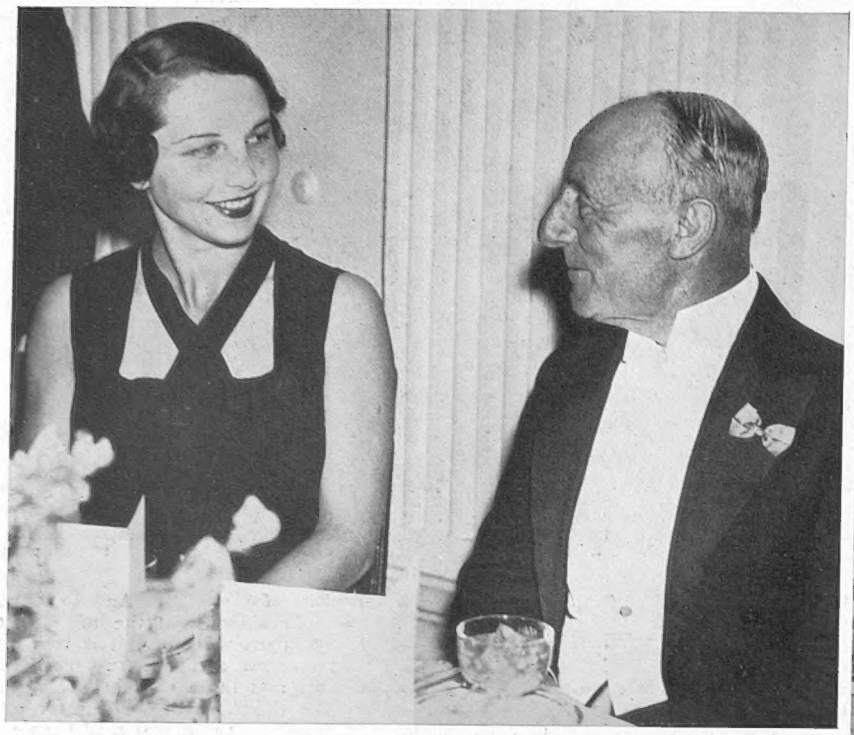
—It is hideous to realize that "the days are drawing in" and July is here, the threshold of August and the grouse shooting. It is urgent, therefore, to concentrate this month on the English gardens. On Saturday, July 1, opens Ightham Moat, near Sevenoaks. It is a moated manor, old as time, and next to Leeds Castle the most thrilling house in Kent, externally. Knole, of course, is a thing apart. The setting of Stopham House (Pulborough), opening the same day, well repays a visit. On Sunday, 2nd., there is Boarstall (Thame) with its memories of the Civil wars; and Castle Ashby (Northampton) and Fonthill (Tisbury, Wilts.), with its eccentric memories. Wednesday, 5th., there is Barrington Court (near Yeovil), the "perfect" Tudor house; Borwick (Carnforth), a Jacobean addition to a Tudor Peel tower. July 6, Great Maytham, a picturesque modern house with a garden to match, on the edge of Romney Marsh. And on Saturday, July 8, I am asked specially to mention again Millwater (Ripley, Surrey). "Turn down a narrow lane to the right coming from London about a mile short of Ripley." I am to tell you that "It is sheer joy." But your choice in this first part of July is unlimited.

THE OLD STAGER

MRS. HELEN WILLS-MOODY: Winner of five Wimbledon Finals

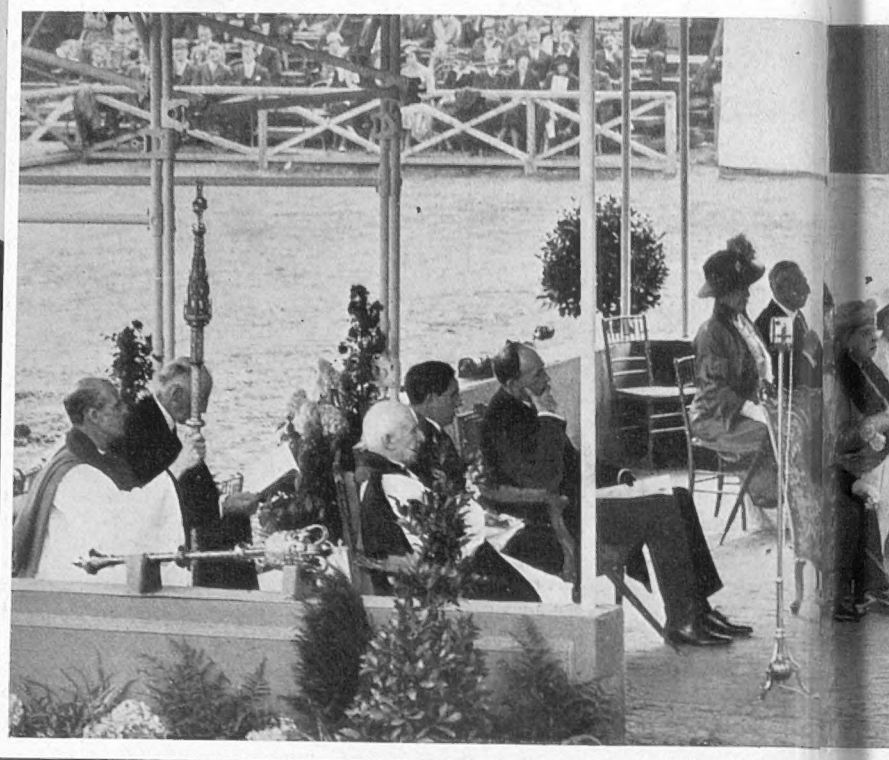
The Eight Seeded Women Stars

ANCIENT CITY CUSTOM AT THE GUILDHALL: Members of the old City Guilds and Companies taking part in the election of the new Sheriffs, Chamberlain, Bridgemasters, Ale Conners, and Auditors for the City of London. Each person entitled to record a vote passes through the pen allotted to his Company or Guild. He is checked at a doorway by the Guild Clerks. The election of the Sheriffs was this year marked by an unusual scene. Although Mr. Isidore Jacobs and Mr. Samuel Joseph received general support, a poll was demanded on behalf of Mr. Leonard Bateman, a basketmaker. In spite of protests the poll was fixed for Tuesday



MRS. HELEN WILLS-MOODY AND EARL JELLICOE at last Saturday night's dinner given by the Lawn Tennis Club of Great Britain to the Wimbledon players. The champion is this year making an attempt to win her sixth victory in the Women's Singles Event. If successful she will then be only one short of Mrs. Lambert Chamber's record of seven championships

HOME — The King Honours London University: Prin... and Umbrellas Dominate the Hen... Scen...



A PERMANENT HOME LONDO... Athlone, Chancellor o... Univer... King said: "I count ... good ... unsh... faith i...

ACADEMIC PAGEANTRY: A procession passing to the site behind the British Museum, where, on Monday, the King laid the foundation stone of London University's new central block of buildings. Representatives of nearly 150 Universities and academies were present in robes of all shades from Imperial purple to the palest blue

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE L.C.C. RECEIVES: On Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Dence gave a reception at the County Hall, Westminster. Among the guests, some of whom are seen on the terrace overlooking the river, were the Earl and Countess of Athlone

BRIGADIER-GENERAL A. W. PAGAN presenting the King's Colours at last Monday's presentation at Horfield Barracks, Bristol

HENDON'S WET WEAT... a large crowd attended ... PAGE ... annua... watch...

Prince of Asturias Married: Mackintoshes Scene: Mr. Caradoc Evans Married — NEWS

LONDON UNIVERSITY: The King and Queen listening to an address from the Earl of University, before laying the foundation stone of the new buildings (see p. 23). The good omen that in these difficult times we have the opportunity of showing an faith in the inestimable benefit of knowledge and education"

PAGEANT: In spite of pouring rain, which resulted in a modification of the programme, annual pageant last Saturday. A section of the crowd with umbrellas much to the fore, is watching a flight of Saro Cloud Amphibians

THE PRINCE OF ASTURIAS MARRIES A COMMONER: The eldest son of ex-King Alfonso leaving the Roman Catholic Church at Ouchy, near Lausanne, with his bride, Señorita Edelmira de San Pedro Ocejo. She has strongly marked features characteristic of the South. The Prince has renounced all rights of succession to the Spanish throne

DISTINGUISHED NOVELISTS SECRETLY MARRIED: Mr. Caradoc Evans, the Welsh author, and Countess Barcynska, whose recently revealed wedding has created a sensation in the literary world, seen at Maidenhead during their honeymoon

MIDDLE-WEST OPINION: While the President is aspiring to act internationally, there is at the back of him a section of the electorate seemingly preoccupied only with home affairs

THE ROOSEVELT BRAIN TRUST

The Bankers and the Big Business Men Give Place to the Intellectuals as the President's Advisers and the Formulators of America's Democratic Destiny

By C. PATRICK THOMPSON

The famous Professor Raymond Moley has arrived in London. A charming, modest, and energetic intellectual, remarkable for his willingness to admit that he is only human and may make mistakes. But no one who has seen him functioning as Mr. Franklin Roosevelt's confidential chief-of-staff will deny that he is uncommonly wide-awake and agile-minded for an academician, and very swift to change his stance if political and economic circumstances seem to demand it. Tactful as ever, he takes up his residence now at the American Embassy. If he were to join the other American delegates (to whom, as a mere Assistant Secretary of State, he is officially junior) at Claridge's, he might look too much like that "boss" whose absence Senator Moses, member of the delegation, was recently deploring, attributing thereto the strange inability of the delegation to agree as to what was its policy, if any.

But Dr. Moley, criminologist, political scientist, economist, professor of public law, deserves study against a wider background than the American delegation which functions, with intermittent misfires and backfires, at the Conference in the Kensington Geological Museum. He is more than a phenomenon; he is a portent. President Hoover relied upon bankers and captains of industry. He acted on their advice, issued sunshine prophesies on their advice, listened to them, and completely misinterpreted the entire national and international situation. And as a result of what happened to the luckless Herbert Hoover, the great American people have dethroned their old tribal god, the Big Business Man, while the bankers, one by one, are being "smelt out" by disillusioned and vengeful tribal representatives in the marble investigation hall of the Senate building in Washington. New witch doctors have been raised up in place of those who failed to conjure a rain of money and jobs to relieve the great economic drought over the American land. They are the once-despised intellectuals, the men whose lack of purely animal vigour, absence of acquisitive instinct kept them in the backwaters of the library, the study, the lecture hall, and the administrative office. "Ray" Moley is the archetype of the new high priests, and the head of their college.

More than a year before his election, Mr. Roosevelt began to gather his Brain Trust round him. He needed such men—students of complex modern society, amateur detectives who had ferreted into the powerful and intricate machine and found out how it worked, and why, and who operated the controls, or tried to. For Mr. Roosevelt himself did not really know what it was all about. The difference between him and Mr. Hoover was that he proceeded to probe the puzzle, whereas Mr. Hoover, with his fixed philosophy of the practical man who has reached an age when he hates change, remained bewildered on the surface. Having become President, Mr. Roosevelt said in effect to his professors: "Now, boys, I have the political power, and what I say goes. You tell me what to say and I will see that it goes." He thereupon attached one brain to each of the great departments of State; and these brains have been providing him with plans of action to drive through Congress at such a rate that last Monday *The Times* Washington correspondent reported the hospitals of the capital full of politicians suffering from nervous exhaustion and similar complaints.

All these plans are necessarily directed towards proving to the American tribe that their new chief and his witch doctors can in fact do what their deposed predecessors lamentably failed to do, namely, improve trade, raise prices, make jobs, and create some excitement again. The whole edifice is raised upon the so-called inflation Bill, and is rounded off by the industrial and agricultural Bills, which give the President complete and despotic powers over the economic life of the country. The President can now do practically what he likes, if, when, and how he likes.

He can devalue the gold dollar by 50 per cent., issue up to three billion dollars of new currency, and force the Federal Reserve to inflate credit by another three billions by the purchase of Government paper. He can order the free coinage of silver, and take up to 400,000,000 dollars of silver in payment of foreign debts at a price 40 per cent. above the existing market price for the white metal. He can raise or lower tariffs. He can order industries to rationalize on a national scale, or oblige them to accept a Government rationalization scheme (framed, naturally, by the "brain" supervizing in that particular department of the life of the State). He can curtail agricultural production. He can close national banks or guarantee bank deposits. He is, in short, more than a President in the normal democratic sense of the term. He is a modern Cæsar, and he is empowered to do more than even Mussolini would dare to do in Fascist Italy. No other one man to-day wields such influence over the daily lives and fortunes of the peoples of the world. But behind him all the time, advising, suggesting, planning, is the Brain Trust.

Four years ago General Smuts told the Rhodes scholars at Oxford that world problems would not be solved until scientists, cold, dispassionate, detached from political passions and freed of political bits and bridles, took over some of the practical functions of the politicians. America is now providing an experimental laboratory in miniature where the accuracy of that diagnosis is being tested. Meantime, the rest of the world looks like footing the bill.

For one has only to glance at proceedings in the Geological Museum in Kensington during these last three weeks to perceive that America and the rest of the world (the effective western world, that is) are pulling opposite ways. At the time of writing it is quite impossible to tell whether, in this singular tug-of-war, the Americans, out for inflation and against currency stabilization, will pull the rest of the world over their way; or the rest of the world, out for currency stabilization and distrustful of inflation and American methods generally, will exert too strong and steady a pull for the President and his witch-doctors to withstand, so that the latter will presently ease up, and see if a compromise cannot be arranged. But the likeliest outcome would seem to be a pull prolonged until the rope breaks, throwing all the nations back where they were before this world parley started. And that might not prove, in the long run, to be such a bad thing after all.

Mr. Moley never has disguised his opinion (in direct contradiction to the international co-operation ideas of his official chief, Secretary of State Cordell Hull) that the conference can at best achieve only moderate results. "The groundwork can be laid for many bilateral agreements and a more enlightened point of view," he said, on the eve of the opening of the conference. "But we shall not have a vast new commerce on the seven seas, even after a successful Economic Conference." He looks for vastly improved relationships between governments and central banks, some progress in the removal of exchange restrictions, a "much more general agreement probably as to the sort of international monetary standard towards which we should work" (note the tentativeness of that "towards which we should work"). But he holds that, although the depression is world-wide, its causes do not rest solely upon international conditions. A good many of the economic ills of each country are domestic, and much of the remedy must be what the nations do within themselves. If anyone argues to the contrary, the head of the American President's Brain Trust can point in bland silence to the rising prices and trade improvement in the United States, where more than a million men have been absorbed into industry within the last month, while prices on the Stock Exchange (barometer of industrial activity, if not always a sound thermometer for testing financial health) have soared 100 per cent. and are still rising.

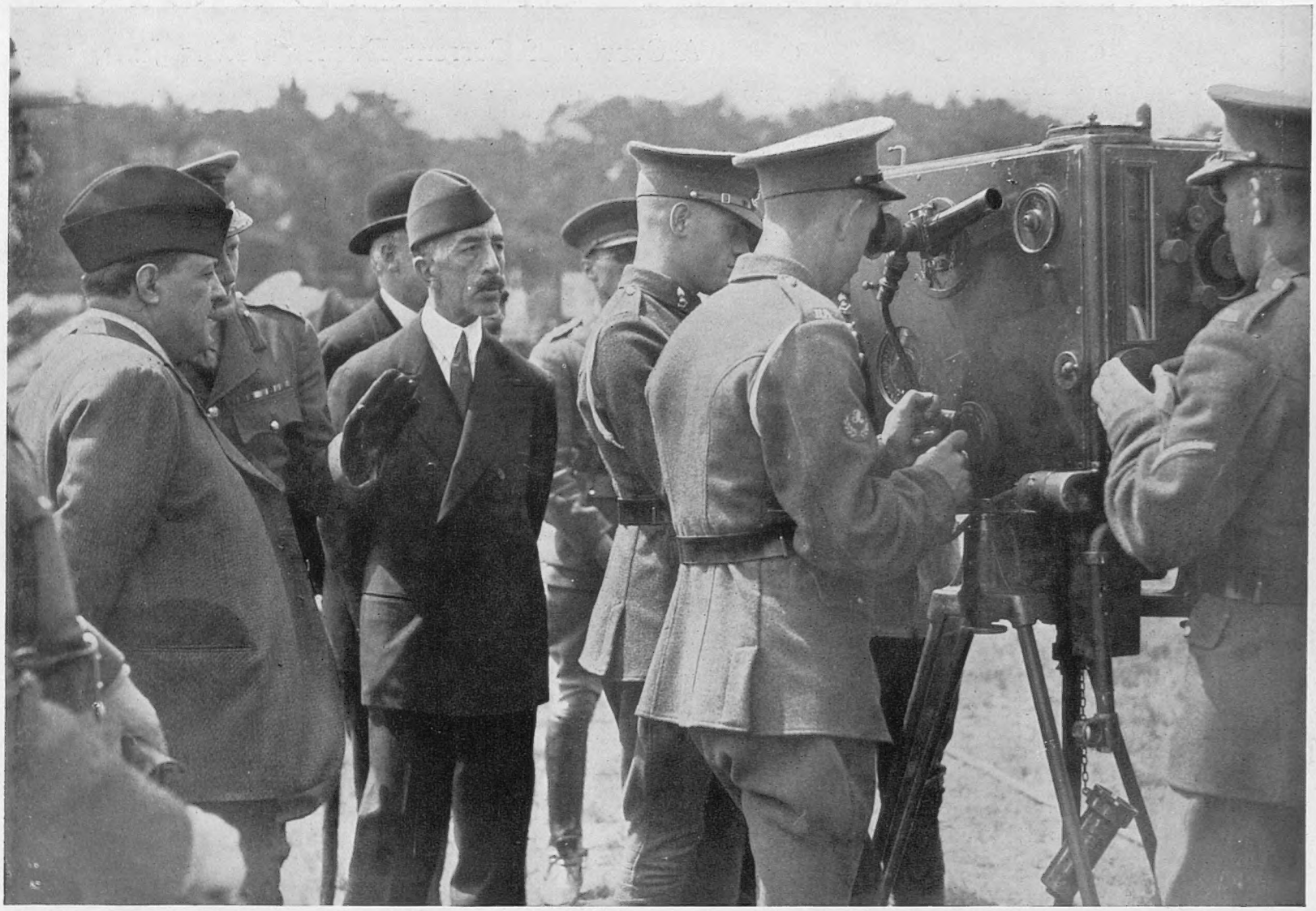
The Brain Trust tells President Roosevelt to go ahead with the great economic rehabilitation plan, and try and force the other nations to follow suit along the same lines. But that would mean action in the American manner; and *rentier* countries like France, clinging to gold and a full-value franc, and stolid long-view countries like Britain, which do not go in for economic revolutions overnight, with Cæsars in charge, may well pause before they climb into the same balloon as the Americans have gaily set themselves adrift in.

The President and his "brains" (as radical in their way as London School of Economics professors) have put in charge of the industrial recovery measure General Hugh Johnson, the man who framed and operated the American conscription measure in wartime; and the General has begun in characteristic style by inviting business leaders to co-operate with him, and announcing that any industries resisting will find their leaders facing heavy fines, or a year in jail, or both. To such lengths has fear of a collapse of its capitalist system driven America. Roosevelt and his "brains" were given right of way because the politicians and industrialists feared a wholesale collapse, which would sweep them away, and perhaps see the rise of a new collective State in the hands of revolutionary leaders. They are trying now to reconstruct the damaged system by a synthesis of Capitalism and Socialism. But a Left wing, which desires the complete destruction of Capitalism, is active in the Government.

The moral would seem to be British acceptance of the Moley idea of chief emphasis in each State on internal remedies. The idea can be accepted without adoption of the American method, over which a large note of interrogation hangs, and will continue to hang for quite a long time. No other nation except Britain seems willing to pay more than lip-service to international co-operation in the sense in which our Liberal and Radical politicians understand it; and we might do worse than face the fact. It is probable that international trade in the old manner, with goods running free over the world and into open or nearly open markets, is dead. Nations want to be more self-sufficient than they have been. But this ideal can be realized without holding up world trade expansion. It is possible to expand the internal market in every State; and it looks as if the world would emerge from this slump presently by way of increased national activity leading to the greater flow of goods between nations. As trade grows, so the currency ice-jams will break up.

Internal adjustments within this island will be necessary. Industries which have based themselves too much on the export trade will have to re-organize. But Britain can still gain and hold her share of neutral markets. She is powerful enough to bargain strongly for reciprocity everywhere. She has a gigantic empire which contains the bulk of the raw material on the planet, a fourth of the habitable land and a fourth of the earth's inhabitants. Mr. Neville Chamberlain has said that if the Kensington Conference fails "we may well despair." But Mr. Chamberlain was reared in municipal finance and affairs, and is not a widely-travelled man. The outlook for Britain and the British complex of States, in the event of President Roosevelt and his Brain Trust deciding to go their own way, is perhaps not so dark as Mr. Chamberlain surmises.

KING FEISAL GOES TO ALDERSHOT



The Royal visitor watching an anti-aircraft range-finder at work during his visit to Aldershot on June 23

A DAY WITH THE ARMY

ON THE PLAINS OF HAMPSHIRE

Miss Rosemary Bingham and the Earl of Warwick. Their engagement has been one of the events of the season

A SOCIETY ROMANCE

Mlle Vagliano, with other members of the French team, studies the line of a putt during a practice round at St. George's Hill, in preparation for the Anglo-French International Match

THE LADIES' GOLF INTERNATIONAL

ONE MONTH of HISTORY

o o o A Survey of Current Events During June, 1933

Economics governed the month of June and called the nations to London; but money confounded their talks, and dominates the news.

The World Economic Conference drew delegates from sixty-six nations, with attendant experts, bankers, advisers, secretaries and motor-cars.

Britain paid 10 per cent of her War debt to America, on account. Germany threatened, but did not fulfil, another default on post-war debts and credits. The Normans, Harrisons, Morets and Schachts—Montagus and Capulets of international banking—met in secret to formulate a "gentleman's agreement" over currency rates. And President Roosevelt's Washington kept the world waiting while it changed its mind on currency, tariffs, and much else.

THE BRAIN TRUST ARRIVES: Professor Moley, President Roosevelt's adviser, seen at Claridges on Wednesday with Mr. Herbert (Hurricane) Swope

WORLD CONFERENCE.—King George speaking first in English then in French, stood on June 12 before a gold and silver microphone, facing delegates in the new Geological Museum at South Kensington. His words were relayed by radio all round the world.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Conference President, tapped with a pedagogic gavel, and began the deliberations on economic sickness that involved 30,000,000 unemployed among the white races.

He sounded one contentious note, on "a subject of front rank importance which cannot be dealt with here—the Question of War Debts."

The American delegates looked glum. They regarded War Debts as a conference taboo. They grew more restive when Signor Jung, from Italy, General Smuts, from South Africa, and other delegation leaders insisted on the paramount importance of War Debt settlements.

Committees were formed, and the general aims of the Conference were summarized.

LONDON PROPOSES, WASHINGTON DISPOSES.—The U.S. delegation, led by Mr. Cordell Hull, Secretary of State, quickly focused the quick-change limelights. Mr. Hull, touching Queenstown on his way to London, has already struck inadvertent sparks by proposing the health of "the President of the Irish Republic." The Americans were now beset by a comedy of repudiations. The quiet of a Sabbath was broken by official announcement that the U.S. delegation had submitted constructive proposals for a "horizontal tariff reduction of 10 per cent." Within a few hours the announcement was declared to be "without foundation." The proposals were known to coincide with the views of Mr. Hull and had been sent by his expert advisers to the Conference secretariat.

"Congress would never pass it," was an unofficial excuse for the withdrawal, after much cabling and telephoning between London and Washington.

ENTER PROFESSOR MOLEY. — The American delegation was now regarded merely as a channel for presidential edicts. Nobody in London knew what was in Mr. Roosevelt's mind. For a week the World Conference marked time over essentials, pending the arrival of Professor Raymond Moley, intimate friend and counsellor of the President, and head of his so-called "Brain Trust." As Colonel House was to President Wilson, so, with additions, is Professor Moley to President Roosevelt.

Mr. Moley attended long discussions on the presidential yacht before flying to New York for his Atlantic journey. Moley, it was held, would clear the air of doubts. The professor's imminence promoted so much suspense over currency, tariffs, debts, and what not, that *The Times* ran a correspondence in which Ovid and Horace were made to provide Latin puns for the name Moley.

Nothing important could be settled, or deeply investigated, during the week of Moley tension. At this stage sorrow pervaded the European press though belief that Mr. Roosevelt, inspired by Mr. Moley, had turned back the U.S. from co-operation toward opportunist isolation. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, however, continued to pronounce fervent optimism.

Mr. Moley arrived at the end of the month, but at first was enigmatic. He was "a guest of the American Embassy," without official status at the Conference.

HERR HUGENBERG'S SQUIB.—Discord and denial came, also, from the German delegation. Herr Hugenberg, the Nationalist leader in Adolf Hitler's Nazi-Nationalist Cabinet, issued a flamboyant memorandum demanding the return of old German colonies, and the establishment of new ones. Germany, "the nation without space," should again be given a Colonial Empire in Africa. Territories in Eastern Europe should be made available for "colonization space." Here the energetic German race could carry out vast "peaceful enterprises."

The German Government, and Nazi delegates to the World Conference, curtly repudiated this memorandum. Herr Hugenberg went home to Germany, and faced political extinction.

—AND HERR HITLER'S DAMPER.—The Nationalist "Fighting Ring," Hugenberg's private army, was suppressed. The Nationalist "Steel Helmets," war veterans with a strength of 250,000, were absorbed by Hitler's Nazis. The Nazis, during the month, wiped out the opposition party, and removed their seats from 117 Socialist deputies, representing 7,000,000 voters. They now applied the steam-roller to their allies, so that there could finally be no party except Hitler's. Herr Hugenberg's resignation was invited with everything except words. Ignoring slights, he clung to office, and disturbed President von Hindenburg's holiday with an appeal for salvation.

Herr Hitler, during June, also suppressed the boy scouts. German youth, like German everything else, was to be a Nazi monopoly. The Catholic Centre Party and the German Protestant Church were all that remained for seizure or absorption, and were indicated as being next on the list. Protestant bishops were forced to resign. Nazi toughs broke up a Catholic convention in Munich (attended by Vice-Chancellor von Papen) and beat up some priests. (Pertinent extract from Adolf Hitler's book *Mein Kampf*, the Nazi bible: "Human rights come before State right").

DOLLFUSS FIREWORKS.—The Conference lion, in terms of heart and popularity, was Dr. Engelbert Dollfuss, diminutive Chancellor of Austria—so small that postage stamps carrying his life-size portrait have been predicted, He made up in *panache* what he lacked in inches. British and other delegates gave disguised congratulation to his virile stand against Nazi aggression in Austria. Flying back and forth between Vienna and London he banned Nazi uniforms and meetings in one place and was hunted by hostesses in the other.

He stopped a would-be reign of Nazi terror, shut up Nazi headquarters, suppressed storm troops, flags, emblems, and newspapers related to the German Swastika. Nazi bombs and hand-grenades ceased to explode in Austria.

In London he was awakened at night by a telephone call from Berlin. The Press Attaché at the Austrian Legation spoke from the other end of the wire: "I am in my bedroom. Prussian police are outside my door, and they say they have orders to arrest me. I told them I would not open the door until I had telephoned to you, Herr Chancellor."

"Ask what you are to be arrested for, but don't let them make the arrest until they actually lay hands on you," replied Dr. Dollfuss. The police threatened to break down the diplomat's door, and, still at the telephone, decided to let them enter. Dr. Dollfuss went back to bed. Next day he transferred his expelled diplomat to the Austrian Legation in London, where his welcome was warm and sympathetic.

PACT MIXTURE, AS BEFORE.—Amid so much pother in London, Washington, Berlin, Munich and Vienna, the delayed signature, in Rome, of Signor Mussolini's Four-Power Pact of peaceful understanding between Britain, Italy, France and Germany passed with minor notice. The Pact, as signed, had been greatly modified at the instance of France, Germany, and the Little Entente, and was emasculated into little more than a repetition of the Kellogg Pact against war.

BRITAIN PAYS—

But only 2s. in the £. America's half-yearly tribute of war debts from Europe was due three days after the world conference opened. Britain was to pay £19,000,000, for which Mr. Chamberlain's budget had not provided. There were rumours and denials. The British Ambassador in Washington went to and from the White House. Britain would default. Britain would pay. Britain had offered part payment. President Roosevelt had first accepted, and refused it.

Ministers, summoned from the Conference to an emergency Cabinet, arrived hatless and out of breath. A second Cabinet meeting was called for 11 p.m. It was adjourned until 9 o'clock the next morning. Atlantic cables hummed with negotiation through the next several hours, for at 5.30 p.m. Mr. Chamberlain was to address the Commons on War Debts.

The half-hour struck, and passed, without sign of the harassed Chancellor. The House fidgeted, and interrupted a speaker with cries of "We want Chamberlain!" The Chancellor arrived at 6.30, but postponed his statement until 10 p.m.

Even now, he announced when the 10 o'clock came, he was unable to tell the full story. President Roosevelt's reply to a Government Note was not expected until the next day, and arrangements had been made to adjourn the House until the following 10 p.m. He assured the House that he had "no reason to suppose that the reply would be other than satisfactory." The House adjourned, amid angry protests against "the reduction of parliamentary government to a performance of amateur theatricals in which the curtain refuses to rise."

THE PRESIDENT PLAYS FOR TIME.—The secret was revealed on the evening of June 14. The British Government had offered a nominal payment of £1,600,000, about a tenth of the sum due, and this President Roosevelt had accepted, without characterizing it as default. The payment was to be made in silver from India to the amount of 10,000,000 dollars.

The delay in announcement had been due to the President's need to play for time. He was in difficulties with a Congress in revolt after giving its Chief Executive almost dictatorial power. Congress had refused to adjourn before debt-day, and stayed to talk angrily about the President's economy programme, in which the reduction of payments to the politically powerful War Veterans was prominent.

Among the thirteen nations that owed the U.S. £28,720,000 in War Debt instalments, eight defaulted, including France and Belgium. Italy and the rest followed Britain's example in a part-payment. Finland paid her £29,000 in full.

"ROYAL ROMANCE."—Two commoners wedded heirs to lost thrones and added their quota to the chapter called March of Democracy. Fräulein Dorotea von Salviati was married, more or less quietly at Bonn, to Prince Wilhelm of Prussia (occupation, farmer), eldest son of the ex-Crown Prince and favourite grandson of the Exile of Doorn. No other Hohenzollerns attended, by request.

The Prince forfeited all rights "as a first-born son of the Royal House." Yet some saw in the marriage a portent for times to come—an Imperial Nazi, born to be Kaiser, with a consort taken from the "New German" people. The pastor was reported to have addressed the bride as "Kaiserliche Frau," before a Steel-Helmet guard of honour. The Crown Prince publicly disapproved, but sent a last-minute telegram of good wishes "from Papa."

PARENTAL OPPOSITION. — Don Alfonso, Prince of Asturias, heir to the Kingdom of Spain, was married in Lausanne to Señorita San Pedro Ocejo, a lovely Cuban, again despite parental opposition. He also renounced his rights as heir apparent. The eldest son of King Alfonso was hardly averse from publicity. He made a talking film with his bride-elect, and gave interviews by the dozen. "I value my love for my fiancée more than anything else, and I am sure all the young people of the world will understand me." The lady's young sister, standing near, thereupon whistled "Who stole my heart away?"

Concerning these two weddings the headline "Royal Romance" was as frequent as June strawberries.

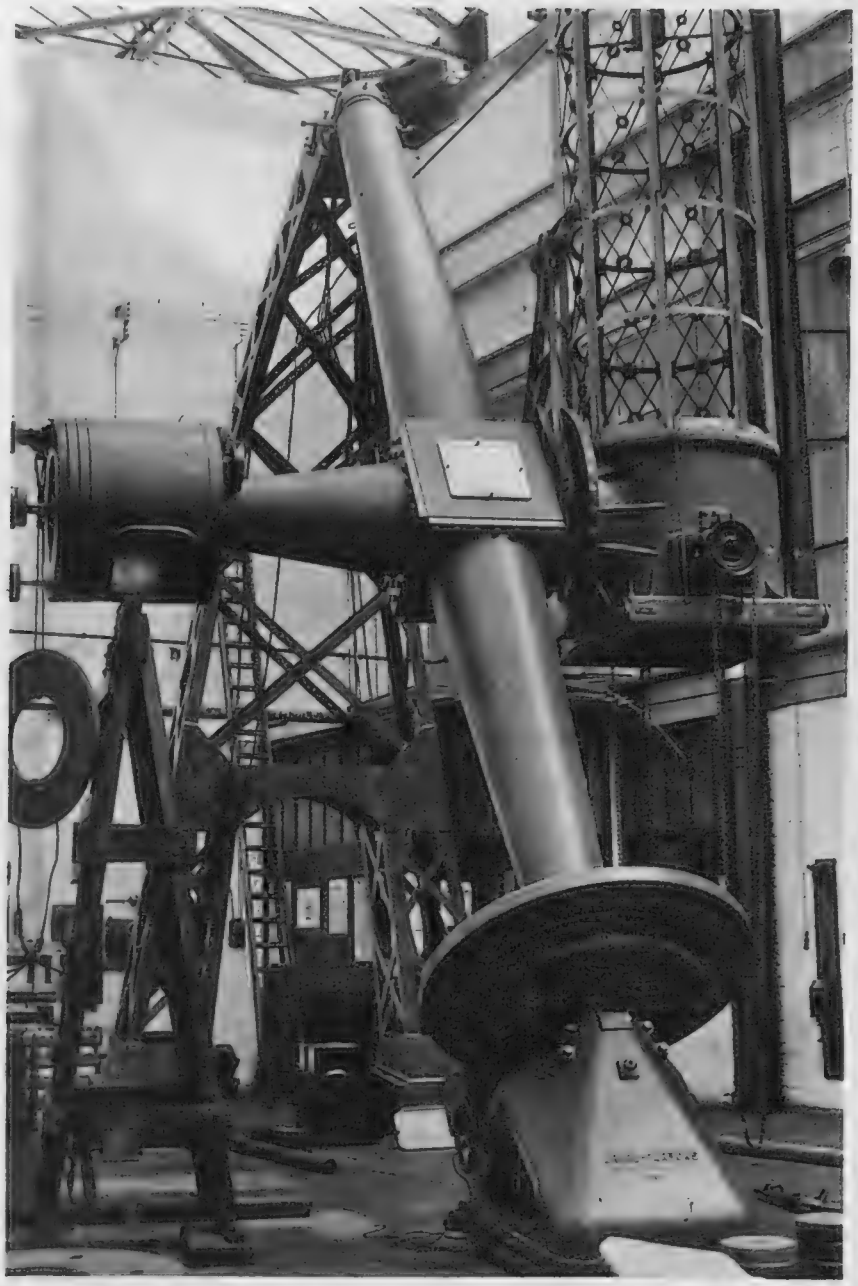
OCCASION'S END.—Miss Barbara Hutton, heiresss to Woolworth millions, married Prince (unroyal) Alexis Mdivani, from Georgia, brother to two ex-husbands of opulent film-stars.

The civil ceremony was in a Paris *mairie*. The Mayor, having thanked the pair for their gift of £300 to the poor of the district, concluded: "You, Princess, one of the most beautiful women of the United States, represent the aristocracy of industry . . . *Messieurs et Mesdames, l'occasion est terminée.*"

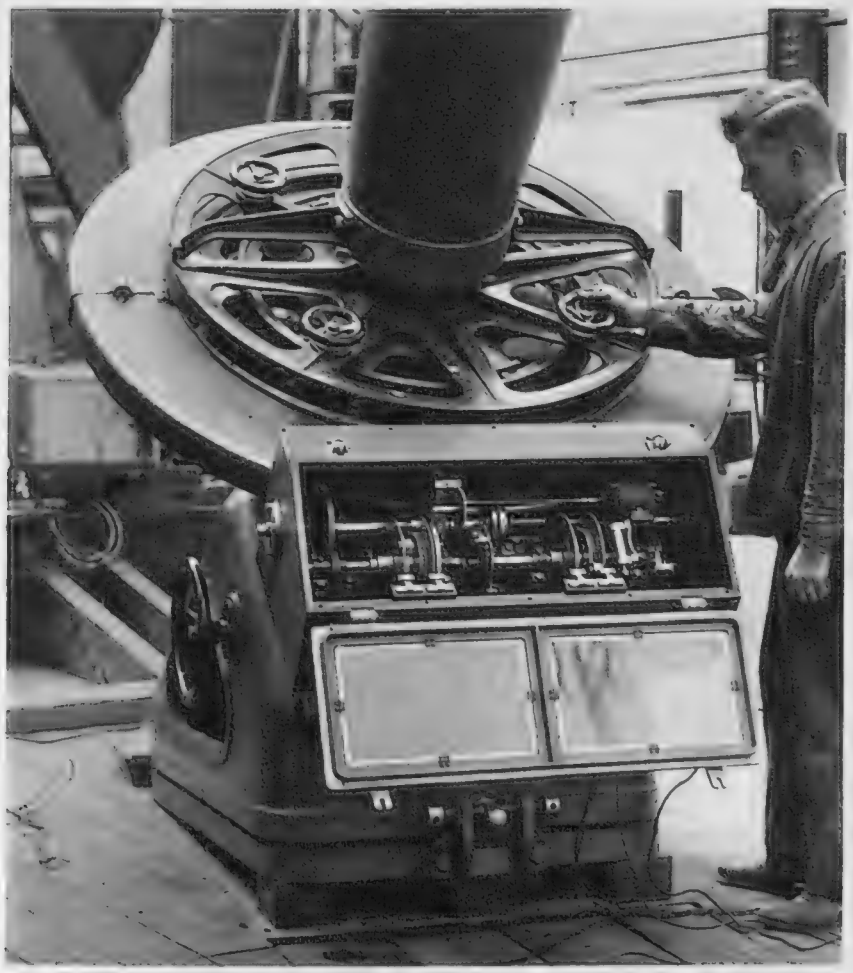
A. B.

MECHANICAL NEWS

The Largest Telescope in the British Isles



TOWARDS THE STARS: The giant telescope, claimed to be the largest in the British Isles, which is shortly to be erected at Greenwich Observatory. It is the gift of Mr. W. Yapp, and was constructed by Sir Howard Grubb, Parsons and Company at Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne



A MECHANIC TESTING THE INTRICATE CONTROL MECHANISM at the base of the new 36-in. telescope. For many years now the firm of Sir Howard Grubb, Parsons and Company has been turning out some of the finest telescopic apparatus in the world. One of their most outstanding recent achievements was the construction of a telescope for Toronto University. This was over two years in the making and is the largest instrument in the Empire

THE BELFAST AND COUNTY DOWN RAILWAY COMPANY'S new Diesel engine leaving Belfast on a recent experimental run. This novel engine was built by Harland and Wolff, Ltd., and indicates the interest that is being taken in the Diesel as a means of rapid locomotion at low cost

THE CRUISE OF THE "NORTHERN BELLE": Britain's first luxury cruising train passing through the North Tyne area on its way to Hexham. Fitted with sleeping saloons, restaurant cars, and writing rooms and carrying sixty passengers and a large staff, the train possesses all the amenities of a modern hotel with the crowning advantage of mobility. During the first cruise over 2,000 miles of track were covered in a week

HOLLAND'S VOLUNTARY MILITIA

The Place of the Landstorm and Burgerwacht in the Dutch Military Service

By ROY ELSTON

A LANDSTORM INSTRUCTOR at Staphorst, Holland, demonstrating the mechanical intricacies of the modern rifle to a group of admiring young women, dressed in their Sunday best, and a number of somewhat indifferent potential recruits to the service. The Landstorm offers a voluntary course of army training for those not old enough for the normal compulsory service and is usually popular in the small towns and villages where it provides an opportunity for the display of local patriotism

FOR QUEEN AND COUNTRY: A parade of the Burgerwacht in a Dutch town. This semi-military organization is also voluntary but, unlike the Landstorm, is essentially self-supporting. Practically every town and little village has its own detachment of this intensely Royalist and Nationalist body which represents a thoroughly-trained citizens' guard which in times of emergency would be immediately at the disposal of the Crown. *Right, above*—A member of a Burgerwacht detachment taking part in a shooting competition

In addition to the compulsory military service, Holland has two voluntary arms which are recognized and encouraged by the Government. Of these, the Landstorm is really a preparatory course for the normal compulsory service and, to a certain extent, takes its place. Every town and village has its Landstorm detachments, composed of youths from the age of seventeen and commanded by visiting officers from the nearest garrison. Admission to the Landstorm is voluntary, but, since it carries with it the advantage of a reduced compulsory service period, its members are obliged to undergo a fixed amount of training and to attend manœuvres which possess an official status.

The service is popular in small towns and villages, as the detachments are made up exclusively of local youths and develop local patriotism; but in its present form it is comparatively new. Before the War it was made up of men over military age. To-day it is made up of those not yet old enough to be drafted into the ordinary compulsory service, whose period of training in the Landstorm is then deducted from the obligatory period. This service, under the stress of modern political and international crises, is, with other voluntary movements of a like nature, acquiring an increased importance; but its origin is not due to any abnormal circumstance.

Of more political significance is the Burgerwacht, or Citizens' Guard, which is in every sense voluntary and, unlike the Landstorm, is self-supporting. The Burgerwacht is the direct descendant of the famous Dutch Arquebusiers, or Doelens, of which Rembrandt, Frans Hals, and others of the Dutch seventeenth-century painters have left us such jolly materials. These were local bodies of men attached to every town and village, whose training was voluntary, whose equipment was self-found, and who pledged themselves to the defence of their prince and their country. The name was afterwards changed to Schutterij, and continued as such until early in the present century.

The revival of this voluntary arm dates from immediately after the Great War, when the political upheaval in Germany had its echo in Holland.

Like the Landstorm — perhaps even more so, in view of its strong political tendencies and passionate royalism—the importance of the Burgerwacht is increasing in the present international and internal confusion. It is, in the main, a defence arm, noted for its good-fellowship and old-fashioned royalism; but if put to the test will readily prove its relationship with the seventeenth-century Doelens.

IN NAZI GERMANY

Activities Under the New Regime

SPADE WORK: A Hitler decree has ordained that every young man in Germany before graduating at the University must undergo a course of physical training in a labour camp. This student, the son of wealthy parents, has to go through this course in common with the rest. *On left*—Vice-Chancellor von Papen heading a Roman Catholic procession on Unter den Linden during Berlin's Corpus Christi celebrations

HITLER'S HENCHMAN HOLDS FORTH TO A GATHERING OF YOUTHFUL NAZIS: Reichminister Dr. Goebbels, the indefatigable propagandist of the Nazi administration, addressing through the microphone a huge gathering of young members of the party in the Grünewald Stadium, Berlin. During the whirlwind election campaign earlier in the year Dr. Goebbels accompanied the Chancellor on his dramatic flight to Königsberg, broadcasting during the journey a final appeal for support which was relayed to the electorate in nearly every city in Germany

FIRES OF DEPRESSION

The Increasing Prevalence of Incendiarism, Bred of the Present Era of Business Stagnation, which all over the World is being Resorted to as a Means of Recovering Losses or Avoiding Inevitable Bankruptcy

By FERDINAND TUOHY

The misfortunes of this epoch are seemingly without end. It is not enough that man should have brought havoc upon himself by his own limitations; acts of God do not cease also to assail him. The latest example of this cruel destiny is the destruction by fire of the magnificent new casino at ——, which was the pride of the Coral Coast. Smoke was first seen issuing from the basement, and almost before the faithful night watchman—it was 1 a.m.—could give the alarm the flames were licking the ground floor. By the time the fire brigade arrived from —— the super-luxury casino was a blazing mass. While it is realized that the modern decorations and furniture afforded the readiest fuel, the authorities are not without concern regarding the astonishing rapidity with which the conflagration spread. The loss, which is fully covered by insurance, is estimated at £40,000.—From a Daily Paper.

Alas! many an act is being nowadays visited upon the Deity, but of which man is solely guilty. These charming 'Thirties we are not confining ourselves to making trains go with coffee and using cereals as manure, as part means of fighting the great dislocation. We have lately taken to applied incendiarism of places that have become white elephants, perhaps even were intentionally run up during boom times to meet with such an end. Read the newspapers of two continents and an insistent suspicion becomes a certainty. Inquire into the pride of the Coral Coast, now a smoky ruin, and you will find that the tourist slump was causing it to lose many thousands of pounds each season. Let its animators make an insurance getaway while the going was still good!

Arson, ashore and afloat, is the big remedy—fire being the great purifier and deleter, also the readiest means of cashing in—yet it is only one of a long and growing list of rackets that have had their root directly in the present world stoppage. This list of woe and bad luck varies in hue, texture, and volume from country to country, although signs of standardization are beginning to be evident. The general racket having passed through the testing-out stage, operations tend increasingly to be carried on under certain fixed heads.

Resuming firstly with incendiarism, the odd prevalence of country mansion fires is not restricted to England. Seldom a week passes without similar announcements on the Continent. In so many quarters the landed gentry have gone clean under, and, further sales or leasing of property being out of the question, the one last means of keeping above water is an "insurance fire." In the United States matters have evolved on a different plane. There, it is the small home owner who is setting things ablaze—a case of keeping the home fires burning. Under pressing obligations Babbitt is burning his own property, and then when, say, the bank becomes insistent regarding his overdraft he regrets, pointing to crippling fire losses. Residential fires, it appears, mounted nearly 40 per cent. during 1932. Over the border in Canada they have risen 100 per cent. since the depression set in. All ranges of society are involved in this racket which in addition to imperilling neighbouring life inevitably falls finally on the average citizen in the form of higher policies. A horrible sideline has to do with the burning alive of supposedly prize cattle and thoroughbreds well insured. Dud beasts are first substituted for the costly animals.

In Europe, the chief casualties by firing are stocked warehouses, superfluous factories, and the general jazz medley of over-produced post-War hotels, restaurants, bars, garages, "dancings," casinos, cinemas, and what not. For events to reach their logical conclusion there should arise an international building ring which also in cunning roundabout burnt its own constructions. Dock outbreaks constitute a further variation of the blazing theme; nor do the incendiaries hesitate to carry their torches to cargoes nearing port or steaming in populous waters. In fact the sea chapter is a packed one of itself. With one third of world shipping laid up and the balance working at a loss, and no particular hope on account of chronic overbuilding in past years, fire upon fire is recorded in every form of craft from the mighty liner to the humble trawler. One long-distance fishing fleet, whose recent seasons have been notorious wash-outs financially, has lost nearly a third of its vessels this time; and not a human life. The indications in certain latitudes point to private yacht owners now joining in the racket. And small wonder, for how many can maintain a sea-going yacht these days?

A depression racket that is enjoying a great vogue in France centres on fake accidents at work and on the road. This very week a flock of medical men have been sentenced at Lille and at Montpellier for delivering false certificates in handfuls—at a fixed fee. This kind of thing is typical: a factory hand claims to have injured an arm at his work; he duly buys his medical certificate, and then it is discovered that he really hurt himself catching trout with dynamite. In some countries hard hit M.D.s and also quacks with bought degrees have gone ahead of the above. Following a local anæsthetic or outright chloroform, they actually damage the heads and cut and discolour the flesh of patients out after insurance money. In a recent case in Budapest—where there are said to be 400 doctors with an average of one patient a week—such a voluntary victim sued his slasher for over-slashing. But don't let that surprise you; crazier things than that occur in 1933.

The great thing, so far as motor accidents are concerned, is to get injured by an insured driver. This can easily be arranged—with the driver. In the background are the manipulators, crooked doctors and lawyers. This racket has even progressed as far as the usage of desperate out-of-works, men and women, as human hurt-material on an agreed scale of remuneration. A "collision" occurs at midnight in a side street. The "victim" is carried to the nearest surgery, which happens to be that of the doctor crook who proceeds to inflict the necessary bruises or cuts with a minimum of pain. Then the patched one claims through the lawyer crook; and is lucky if a quarter of the compensation eventually comes his or her way. The bulk of it is divided by the metteurs-en-scène.

New rackets in this sphere are constantly being thought out. They are particularly good at their application in America. In a certain European conscript country, among the methods of keeping out of the army is to have a specific drug injected into the spine, causing passing paralysis but lasting long enough to defeat the medical board. This drug is now being used in New York by road "victims," being timed for the visit of the insurance checking-up doctor.

The long firm fraud, nothing new in itself, has taken on such proportions as to warrant inclusion among rackets of the great depression. Professionals at the game watch for firms of some standing that are in difficulties, and when they have taken over the goodwill proceed on an orgy of credit buying from factories in ignorance of the change and only too glad to be rid of some of their huge surplus. Everything depends on the speed with which such stocks can be piled up before suspicions descend. A "sprint" so-called may last two or three weeks during which the goods acquired are either stored away in secret warehouses or else are offered for sale at prices far below cost.

Then the racketeers vanish into thin air with their profits, leaving the creditor factories and jobbers to fend as best they can. This racket really dovetails into the greater bankruptcy one. Hardly a capital in Europe but shows a long list of daily bankruptcies—sometimes running into hundreds—and that a high percentage are fraudulent is as clear as the day. A special feature is the fashioning of big bankruptcies out of little ones, there being veritable experts available on whose advice firms act. The bankruptcy racket extends the gamut from the relative amateur who did not mean to fail but successfully wraps up his assets when the blow falls, to the intricately-organized rings who may be said to do big business simply by going out of business.

A variation is to stage a burglary on one's own premises and then to give the alarm to the police. Fake robberies of this description have latterly augmented to such a degree abroad that the harassed insurance companies are evolving more and more rigid control methods.

In Germany the suicide racket is more prevalent than elsewhere. Human ingenuity is moving from strength to strength in devising original methods of self-murder so that the fatal act may not be attributed to set intent—an accident—and starving and down-and-out families or relatives may receive the victim's insurance money. There is usually a suicide clause barring such payments, but often the companies generously waive this, notably when the self-sacrificed one is found to have been of unsound mind. "High lights" of the suicide racket occur when quixotically-minded financiers do away with themselves in order that the proceeds of their policies may either cover their defalcations or leave sufficient for their dependants to keep the wolf from the door.

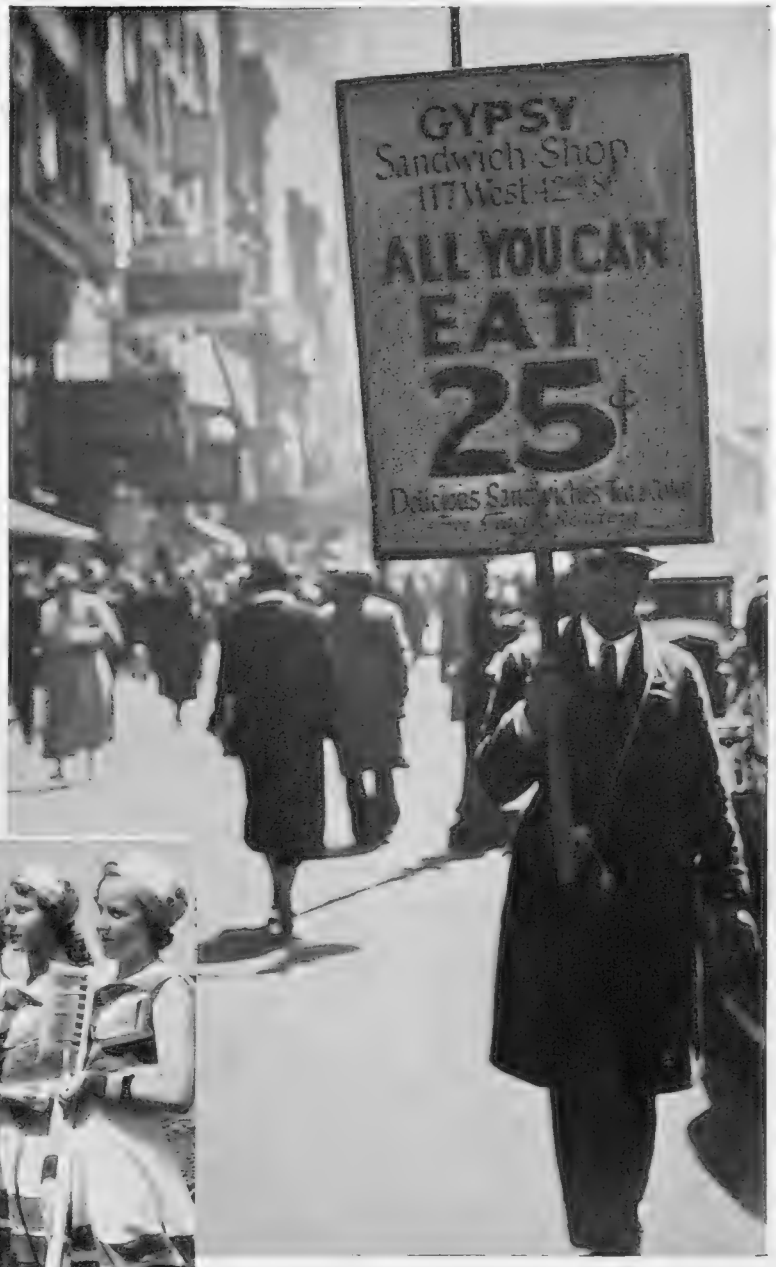
The Rouse substitute-murder racket has found imitators in several lands, but remains an extremely difficult matter to put over.

What are the insurance companies doing about it all? In the first place, they are getting together, interchanging their sad experiences and statistics and the contents of their personal card indexes, and co-ordinating methods of defence. Where formerly lonely business furrows were ploughed, now it is realized that some form of co-operation can alone cope with the situation. Organized unified vigilance. Secondly, the companies are seeking to render their policies considerably more "watertight" than in the past. Thirdly, and unfortunately for the honest citizen, they are increasing their charges. Meanwhile, the battle of wits proceeds apace between the insurance defence personnel and the racketeers of depression, the duel not ceasing to take ever subtler turns.

IN DEMOCRATIC AMERICA

News from the Eastern and Western States

AT THE WHITE HOUSE: President Roosevelt, surrounded by Congressmen and Senators, signing the Rayburn-Fletcher Economy Bill, one of the many strong measures he has resorted to during the past few months in the cause of United States economic rehabilitation. The President is at the moment taking a short yachting holiday after his strenuous efforts



A SIGN OF THE TIMES: The placard bearer advertises "All You Can Eat for 25 Cents." The 42nd Street district was once one of the most prosperous quarters of Central New York

THE YOUNGEST PRISONER IN SING SING: Harry March, the sixteen-year-old youth from Richmond Hill, Long Island, entering the prison gates after his conviction on a charge of murder. He is to serve a sentence of over twenty years

THE TOOTH BRUSH BRIGADE: Schoolchildren of Long Beach, California, with the giant brushes they carried in a recent civic demonstration of dental hygiene held under the auspices of Long Beach Dental Society

PRECIOUS MILLIONS GOING TO WASTE IN A CALIFORNIAN OIL FIELD DISASTER: A fire engine in a pool of released petrol and oil attempting to curb the fire at Signal Hill following the explosion at a neighbouring refinery plant which set alight a large portion of the field. Nine persons lost their lives and many thousands of dollars' worth of plant and crude oil were destroyed

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, the Paramount film star, looking over some of the champagne now being aged at the Guasti Winery, Cucamonga, California. This is now being produced under the law allowing light wines of a limited alcoholic content

INDIA'S VITAL RAILROAD SYSTEM

The 42,000 Miles of Track, Built Largely by British Enterprise, that Bridge the Vast Distances of the Sub-Continent and Provide the Means for our Defence Force to Maintain Peace Within the Imperial Boundaries

By R. J. MINNEY

THE WINDING TRACK TO A FAMOUS HILL STATION: A light train making its way up the loop *en route* to Darjeeling, one of the termini of the narrow gauge Himalayan Railway. It reaches a higher altitude than any other in the Old World

THE "FRONTIER MAIL" STOPS AT A WAYSIDE STATION *EN ROUTE* TO DELHI: An every-day scene on one of India's railways. Of the 819,000 men employed on the system fewer than 5,000 are Europeans

OUTSIDE DELHI STATION: A native policeman directing traffic at one of India's most important termini. Six important lines converge on the capital

Those who think of India as a backward country (which of course it is from the point of view of education, superstition, and crude religious and sexual practices) cannot possibly conceive that it possesses, as a result of British enterprise, finance, and engineering skill, a railway system that ranks as third greatest in the world.

No less than £640,000,000 sterling has been invested in this colossal enterprise. The State owns seven-eighths of the capital and directly manages nearly half the 42,000 miles of railways. The State further exercises a control over the rest of the railway system, which is only right and proper; for apart from its trade and industrial facilities, its bridging of vast distances that none who know India only from the map can possibly visualize; apart from its drawing together of the diversified races strewn about the continent; apart also from its conquest of famine by the rapid transport of foodstuffs to stricken areas, India's railway system serves a vital strategic purpose.

Only the railways make it possible for troops and police to be rushed to every scene of disturbance. They make it possible also for the armies of India to converge on the ever-troubled North-West Frontier. To-day the railway runs right across the desert of Baluchistan to the Persian border. Trains also puff and clatter through the Khyber Pass—and, remember, there are here over a thousand miles of tangled mountain borderland, inhabited by wild Pathans, who can muster as many as 1,500,000 armed fighting men.

Against this force India, which has besides a further 4,000 miles of land frontiers to defend, can hurl but a small—an absurdly small—band of men. There are no more than 60,000 white troops in all India; you can travel for days in the country without seeing a soldier, and the native force is a meagre one of barely 150,000 men. It is as if the army of Belgium or Switzerland were left to secure peace for all Europe. And the police? There are 198,000 policemen, almost entirely Indian, to keep the peace between the conflicting races and to curb the terrorism of the agitators.

So you see how vital the railways are to the country—the railways, and the roads, for upon their control depends the mobility of the entire forces of defence.

The White Paper, which blindly undermines every vestige of security in India, transferring, since 320,000,000 Indians are illiterate, all power to the clamorous and irresponsible wreckers of Congress—the White Paper envisages the control of India's vast railway system by a Statutory Board, "so composed and with such powers as will ensure that it is in a position to perform its duties upon business principles and without being subject to political interference."

It is a ludicrous safeguard. It is indeed nothing less than a perilous relinquishment of the entire British grip upon the very arteries of defence. Dalhousie, when he laid the foundations of the railway system in India, declared with all the emphasis at his command that the Government must exercise over the railways "a stringent and salutary control." To a Statutory Board it is now proposed to surrender this vital means of security. Defence (vaguely) has been reserved to the Governor-General; but not the railways, nor the roads.

As it is, the personnel of the railways in India is wholly native. Of the 819,000 men employed fewer than 5,000 are Europeans. The percentage is a ridiculously small decimal point. And this vast body of Indian workers—over 500,000 of them Hindu, 182,000 Muhammadan, and 15,000 half-caste—have been subjected to the onslaughts of Congress and of Communism. Their recent pay cuts have been used as a lever. Since the railways are State controlled a frenzy of agitation has been whipped up. What will the position be when Congress, instead of whispering sedition behind doors, can enforce its dread will from the top? Only last week we saw how, with Congress in control, the Bombay Corporation has been forbidding all contractors from using any article manufactured in the British Empire, unless otherwise unobtainable. We shall lose not only the railway contracts, which are of course considerable, but our very safety.

The Road-Rail Conference in recent session in Simla advised an extensive development of the roadways of India. There are at present excellent metalled roads running parallel to half the railways. There are also vast undeveloped areas. The programme has an economic end in view; for motor traffic has increased greatly in recent years. There are to-day cars, lorries, and even buses on the long, dusty roads.

But not even the roads, it must be remembered, will be reserved to the Governor-General's control. They are to be distributed among the local governments, all of whom (as the White Paper states with satisfaction) are to enjoy complete autonomy—passing thus inevitably into the clutches of the wild men of Congress. One trembles to contemplate the sequel to such a blind surrender of the very arteries of security.

SAILING SHIPS and the SEA

IN THE RIGGING OF THE MODEL OF THE "VICTORY". Members of the crew at work unfurling the sails. The vessel started last week on a cruise round the South Coast

THE "VICTORY" PUTS TO SEA: The 50 ft. model of Nelson's flagship which will recall to Navy Week visitors to Portsmouth the glories of the fleet at the time of Trafalgar. She is being manned by a crew composed mainly of officers. Navy Week begins on August 5

FAREWELL TO A FAVOURITE: The late Sir Thomas Lipton's twenty-five-year-old racing cutter is now in the hands of the shipbreakers at Southampton. She has been sold at a "break-up" price and only the wheel and a few other items are being retained by Sir Thomas's executors

ON THE ROCKS: Sir Thomas Myles' wrecked motor yacht, *Sheila*, which recently ran against the coast at Derbyhaven, Isle of Man. At the time of the accident Sir Thomas and Lady Myles were on board with Mr. Alan Rice, an American student. They managed to reach the shore in a dinghy and scrambled over the rocks to dry land. The *Sheila* was originally built for Queen Victoria as a wedding gift to Prince Henry of Battenberg and Princess Beatrice

BOOTS FOR THE BAREFOOT: The boot room at the headquarters of the Personal Service League in Grosvenor Place. The boots are bought from the manufacturers at wholesale prices, often at as low a figure as 6s. 3d. a pair, and distributed in the distressed areas from the main depots of the League

PERSONAL SERVICE

How the Prince of Wales's Call has been Answered and Thousands of Voluntary Workers are Daily giving Assistance to the Unemployed in the Distressed Areas, and Bringing a Measure of Comfort to those whom Enforced Idleness has left Without the Means of Providing Clothing for Themselves and their Dependents

By CHARLES GRAVES

It has often struck me as curious that there is no such thing as a Junior League in England. In America every debutante worth her salt belongs to it. The best dances are given by the mothers of the members, and in social significance it is a feminine parallel to being an officer in the Brigade of Guards over here. Yet every girl before she is allowed to join has to promise to do at least four or five hours' personal work on behalf of Charity every week. It may be book-keeping, typing, nursing, sewing, or something similar. In England the debutantes and the ex-debutantes have never done anything like this except as individuals. "Nobody asked me, sir, she said," would have been a very good answer up to the last few months. Now that excuse no longer holds good, and it is a credit to the debutantes that several of those who have heard of the Personal Service League have joined it and are working hard for it either at home or at its headquarters in Grosvenor Place, lent by the Duke of Westminster who is so much more philanthropic than the public generally realizes.

The object of the Personal Service League, of which the Queen is patroness, Lady Londonderry president, and Lady Reading chairman, is to assist the unemployed in the distressed areas with clothing and boots. It began as a political venture among members of the Ladies' Carlton Club, but after the Prince of Wales's appeal it was nationalized and rearranged, and there are several thousand people working for it in all parts of the country. England is divided up into two categories—the contributing and distributing centres. Officially the distressed areas are Clydebank, Tyneside, Teeside, and South Wales. But though these areas are the scenes of greatest want, there are naturally scores of other areas where the situation is acute.

People in Marylebone, for example, are inclined to forget St. Pancras. People in South Kensington are not fully aware of the conditions in North Kensington. Indeed, the average taxpayer, knowing that his taxes are so burdensome largely because of the dole, feels that his responsibilities as a human being are finished in that direction—especially if he gives an annual cheque to his favourite hospital. He forgets that even when the abuse of the dole was at its height it left little or no margin for the purchase of clothes and boots and blankets. And after a time all these things, particularly the boots in the long quest for jobs, are bound to wear out. That is where the Personal Service League has stepped in, and that is where a Junior League could be so very useful in providing recruits for the unending work that has to be done.

Even now in the height of summer there are thousands of people all over England who are insufficiently protected against the weather. Nobody can be blamed for not realizing it. The English, even when they are broke, are proud, and even the Prince of Wales did not appreciate the awful destitution that exists until he insisted on being led to see it. Then he was horrified. So would all of you be, if you knew the facts. A mere isolated instance was given me by a girl whose brother was on a bicycle tour in Devon, reputed to be a fairly prosperous county. A family of five had been sleeping between "blankets" of brown paper for some months, and their clothes were threatening to be equally tatterdemalion in a short time.

The method of coping with the situation is very simple. The Personal Service League collects and distributes clothes to those who need them: buys the material in bulk from the factories to be made into clothes ready-to-wear by working parties of volunteers; purchases boots, suits, and blankets of suitable quality at the lowest possible prices; establishes depots in every county, every large town, and every London borough; and distributes all this mainly through established organizations such as the Friends of the Poor.

On March 1 there were depots in working order in ten London boroughs and twenty-six counties. In January 63,000 garments were distributed; in February 93,000 garments; in March 106,000; in April 78,000; and in May 49,000. At the present minute there are thirty-seven main depots, fifty-five sub-depots, over 500 work parties, and a great number of semi-independent work parties which have not been listed yet. These work parties consist of a minimum of ten people, and are often two or three times that number. Between April 10 and May 10, during which the stock-room was closed for one week, hundreds of yards of shirting, tweed, and wincey were handled, as well as 692 lb. of wool.

The boots all have "P.S.L." marked on their tongues in case any of the recipients might try and pawn them. Pawnbrokers have been warned not to accept them. On the whole, however, gratitude is very evident, and the gift of the boots in many cases has led to the men getting jobs. The boots, one may observe, are purchased at wholesale prices from the manufacturers at as low a figure as 6s. 3d. a pair, and yet they are not made of shoddy leather. The purchasing department of the League is equally efficient where clothes are concerned. They buy them at 11s. 6d. and 12s. 6d. a suit in the Midlands. Blankets are bought, too, for 3s. and 4s. each, wool at 6d. a pound, and socks at 6d. a pair. All these goods are guaranteed to be of English manufacture.

All the time the League is learning things. It found, for example, that the Welsh miners have small feet but like heavy boots, whereas those in Durham have large feet and like their boots to be lighter. One of the most pathetic cases was that of a pair of brothers who were very grateful for a pair of boots each. Both were unemployed cobblers!

THE CUTTING-ROOM AT THE PERSONAL SERVICE LEAGUE HEADQUARTERS: Voluntary workers preparing dress lengths for making up. Lady Atkinson, head of the department, is seen in the centre

Hats are another important item, and the Personal Service League is hoping to persuade people when they buy a new hat to leave the old one behind so that it can be forwarded by the hatter to them. In the past few days they received 2,000 old hats, all of which have gone off and are now adorning the heads of unemployed people in various parts of England. One of them was given to a guide in London. He came in wearing a shapeless hat that had been given him by a tourist from Memphis. He said that it had so worn out that no sightseers would look at him or employ him to take them round the Tower of London. Indeed, the hat looked almost as old as the Tower itself. He was given a new one, and this completely altered his outlook on life. Obviously a silk hat or a tall grey hat is not of much use. I saw one of them in the stock-room in Grosvenor Place. They say, though, that they can get rid of even these white elephants to out-of-work actors.

As a matter of fact the greatest ingenuity is exercised in transforming one kind of garment into another. You can see stacks of babies' panties

(*Continued on p. 36*)

THE STOCK-ROOM: Another view of the London headquarters, showing the large stock of materials which is constantly kept on hand for the making of dresses and warm clothes

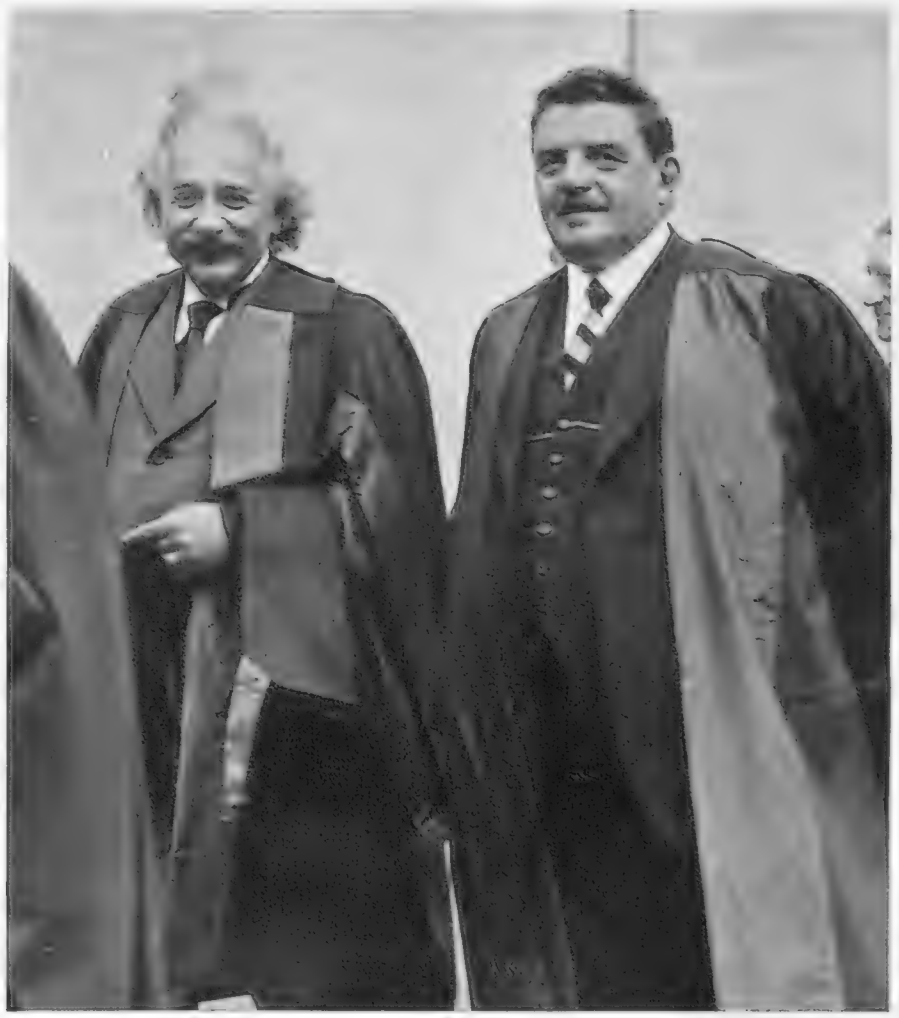
THE NEW SOUTH AFRICA HOUSE

The London Home of a United Nation

SOUTH AFRICA'S NATIONAL EMBLEM: Mr. Charles Wheeler's bronze sculpture of a springbok adorning the entrance to South Africa House which has been erected at a cost of £300,000

A NEW EPOCH IN SOUTH AFRICAN HISTORY: The King and Queen driving through Trafalgar Square after opening South Africa House. General Smuts, representing the recently formed National Government, accompanied their Majesties on their drive from Buckingham Palace—an honour never previously accorded to any Dominion Minister visiting London

THE KING RECEIVING THE ARCHITECT AND THE HIGH COMMISSIONER: The scene on the steps of South Africa House before the opening. Sir Herbert Baker, who was responsible for the design of the building, presented the King with a gold key to the main doorway



COMMEMORATION DAY AT GLASGOW UNIVERSITY: Professor Einstein, the distinguished mathematician and scientist, and M. Herriot, who received the degrees of Doctor of Laws at the recent University celebration. Sir Robert Horne and the Right Reverend Dr. Lauchlin MacLean Watt were also honoured

ARABIA TO-DAY

First Pictures of the Wireless Stations that are Linking Up the Whole Desert Peninsula

WITH A WIRELESS WORKING PARTY UNDER A DESERT BLUFF: This picture was taken on the ridge of the Hedjaz Mountains near Madain Saleh. The sandy tracks leading to this position were so soft that only five miles progress was made in three days with Ford lorries

MAKERS OF ERN A
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ON THE EDGE OF THE ARABIAN DESERT: A scene in the inner city of Hofuf during market day In past times Hofuf was a centre of the Near and Middle Eastern slave trade

WIRELESS M RISE IN
the right ourse of

A SIGHT WHICH IS BECOMING FAMILIAR IN THE ARABIAN DESERT: A wireless pole rising above a desert fort with its corner towers and massive gateway

ERN ARABIA: King Ibn Saud and his sons, whose enlightened and progressive policy in linking up the vast and hitherto primitive insula by wireless is one of the outstanding features of the Middle East to-day. *Left to right*—Sheikh Hafiz Wahba; the Amir Saud, ving son of the King and heir apparent and Viceroy of Nejd; His Majesty King Ibn Saud; the Amir Faisal, his second son and Viceroy of Mecca, and the Amir Muhammad, his third son

RISE IN THE CAPITAL CITY OF IBN SAUD: A typical scene in Saudia to-day where King Ibn Saud is linking the far corners of his realm with wireless posts. The mast on ourse of erection when this picture was taken by H.E. Sheik Hafiz Wahba, Minister in London for Saudi Arabia. This revolution of the desert is fully described on the following page

THE GUEST-HOUSE AT RIYADH WHICH HAS A 6-KILOWATT STATION: King Ibn Saud is lavishly generous, and all who enter Riyadh may find free food and shelter in this house. Riyadh in addition to the 6-kilowatt station has a ½-kilowatt one installed; there are nine others of a similar pattern

A 70-FT. MARCONI PORTABLE WIRELESS MAST BEING RAISED AT TEBUK: Situated on the Damascus-Medina railway Tebuk was, pre-War, the Turkish quarantine station for the Mecca pilgrims. The near building houses the wireless plant and was formerly the residence of the head doctor. Behind can be seen the remains of the quarantine hospital; much of the wooden roofing had been removed by marauding Bedouin

A MARCONI PORTABLE TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE (WIRELESS) TRANSMITTER STANDING OUTSIDE THE ANCIENT MOSQUE IN HOFUF: In attendance is the complete native staff, dressed in their Friday clothes. These pictures given on this page and the two preceding ones were taken by H.E. Sheikh Hafiz Wahba, Saudi Minister in London, and by Paul Boucicault; the latter's pictures chiefly relate to the stations on the western edge of the desert at Hofuf and Tebuk

REVOLUTIONIZING the DESERT

King Ibn Saud and His Desert Wireless

By KENNETH WILLIAMS

The people of the Arabian deserts for centuries have lived as they were living at the time of the Prophet Muhammad. Naturally, therefore, they are opposed to all forms of progress. For them, the camel has been the only means of transport, the raid, the chief means of subsistence. In few countries can the basic habits of the common folk have changed so little with the passing of time.

King Abdul Aziz ibn Saud, however, the great Wahhabi conqueror of the lands that are now known as Saudia, realized that on so narrow an outlook in his subjects it was impossible to build a progressive regime. First of all, therefore, as Sultan of Nejd, he launched a scheme of settlement for the Bedouin. That roughly sufficed for the province of Nejd. But when, nearly ten years ago, he added hundreds of miles to his dominions by the incorporation of the Hedjaz, a new problem presented itself.

These Wahhabi territories, he saw, not only could not be developed without better means of communication, but also, they could not—so vast had they become under his ægis—even be effectively administered without improved communications.

Yet to the majority of his desert followers such things as the motor car, the aeroplane, and wireless were inventions of the devil; wireless especially was considered to be witchcraft. But by dint of his tremendous personality, King Ibn Saud has overcome this opposition, and has obtained religious sanction for his material reforms. He received expert British advice in establishing an Air Force, and motor cars are now to be seen everywhere (except in the impassable deserts of the east) in Saudia. For instance, most of the *hajjis* making the pilgrimage to Mecca last April have journeyed thither in motor cars.

It was in 1929, and as a consequence of certain tribal rebellions against his authority, that King Ibn Saud resolved to introduce wireless communication on a large scale. Now wireless had been known in the Hedjaz in the time of his predecessor, the late King Hussein. This Sherifian monarch, however had used it, as he used all his resources, entirely for personal ends. Its extension to the deserts of the Hedjaz and Nejd was conceived by the Wahhabi conqueror solely in the interests of the State.

King Abdul Aziz opened a school of wireless telegraphy at Jeddah, and also sent four picked pupils to Chelmsford to learn the mechanics of wireless at the Marconi School there. The Marconi Company then proceeded to establish a chain of wireless stations linking up the more important centres of this huge Wahhabi domain. This work has actually been completed only within the last week or two.

Mecca and Riyadh (which are about 400 miles distant from each other), the respective capitals of the Hedjaz and Nejd, have each a 6-kilowatt station; Riyadh has also a ½-kilowatt station. Nine other ½-kilowatt stations have been laid down at such nodal points as Qaf, Hail, Buraida, Jubail, and Qatif—the majority being in Nejd. In addition, the King now has at his command four mobile installations, ½-kilowatt, on Ford lorries. By means of these last he is enabled, while on his frequent trips into the desert, to keep in touch with the centres of his government.

This introduction of wireless has had the happiest results in internal administration. In 1929, as I have said, Nejdi tribes were restless. They were seething with indignation against Iraq, and, on King Ibn Saud's restraining them, they turned their wrath on him. It was perhaps the most critical moment in the history of his empire.

Since that time, however, there has scarcely been any misbehaviour by the tribes. No sooner is complaint made by them than, by means of wireless, Ibn Saud hears of it and disposes of it.

These wireless stations, which have both telephonic and telegraphic facilities, are of course reserved for the use of the Government; they are designed entirely towards the end of better administration. They are not for communication with the outside world. Nor is there any broadcasting or "listening-in" in Saudia, and since music is taboo with most of the inhabitants that is just as well.

The COMIC and the SERIOUS in the AIR WORLD

COMIC DOINGS DURING THE AIR DISPLAY REHEARSALS: The R.A.F. has a flair for aerial waggeries with which to enliven their stirring display at Hendon. Many of our readers will have learned by a visit on Saturday last how these monsters were manipulated in the air. *Right*—Armoured turret in the new Handley-Page "Heyford" high-speed night bomber. When not in action the turret can be drawn up into the fuselage

AN ATTRACTIVE AIR-DRIVEN TOURING CRAFT WHICH CAN NAVIGATE RAPIDS: This air-propelled craft has been devised by Mr. W. F. N. Davies of Dudley for use in all kinds of waters. The engine and control body are raised on a slatted deck uniting twin hulls of skiff-like dimensions. The rudder can be raised when passing over rocks. The craft is here seen negotiating rapids on the river Severn

"CHARLIE" GOES TO WHIPSNADE: Bedfordshire's open-air zoo is short of camels, so "Charlie," a Regent's Park favourite, has left to take up residence at Whipsnade. He is seen piloting himself, and his ponderous humps, into the van which took him to his new home. Under certain conditions the humps wobble sideways as shown here

SHEARING TIME

On the Wiltshire Downs

TAKING THE PLUNGE: A scene in the Kennet, near Ramsbury Park, Marlborough, where thousands of sheep are washed each season in readiness for the annual shearing. The shepherd stands in a wooden watertight box and deals with each sheep individually. Often he has a struggle, as they are noted for their dislike of water

AWAITING THE SHEARER: The flock is moved up to the farm in readiness for the next day's shearing activities

ON A PERILOUS PERCH: This polar bear, in the endeavour to obtain a few licks of water without going round to a more convenient spot, has got himself bunched up into a very quaint position which at any moment may compel a plunge

VICTIMS OF THE ABHORRED SHEARS: The farmer's son counts the flock after the day's shearing. The ewes, having lost their fleeces, present a strange sight to the lambs who often find difficulty in recognizing their mothers

CENTRALIZING LONDON UNIVERSITY

LONDON UNIVERSITY'S COMING ADMINISTRATIVE BUILDING: For many years the University with its widely scattered colleges has been in need of a central building worthy of its importance and dignity. This architectural drawing, now published for the first time, shows Mr. Charles Holden's idea for such a building which, with open spaces, will occupy a site in Bloomsbury covering some 10½ acres

THE PRESENT ADMINISTRATIVE CENTRE: The Imperial Institute, South Kensington, where, owing to lack of space, the work is carried on under conditions of the utmost difficulty

AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE SITE OF THE NEW UNIVERSITY CENTRE: In this area, marked with a white line, is to be brought together in one central block the library and administrative offices of the institution and several of the colleges and institutes which have for years struggled for adequate accommodation. The proximity of the British Museum, with its vast collection of material for study, will be an outstanding advantage

RARE MANUSCRIPTS FROM THE DURNING-LAWRENCE LIBRARY

In November, 1936, the University of London will celebrate its centenary. Great changes have taken place since William IV granted the institution its first Charter and, with the passing years, the scope of its activities has increased amazingly. To-day the University stands on the threshold of its most momentous development. Largely through the generous aid of the Rockefeller Foundation a 10½-acre site has been acquired in Bloomsbury and here it is proposed to create a fitting centre for the administrative work of the University which hitherto has been carried on in the confined surroundings of the Imperial Institute. Mr. Charles Holden, F.R.I.B.A., creator of some of the most significant buildings of the time, has been chosen as architect. He has prepared a striking and impressive design, a reproduction of which appears at the head of this page. In addition to adequate accommodation for the administrative staff, the centre will also include a new library building worthy of the treasures it will hold, while many of the colleges which have outgrown their present accommodation elsewhere in London will also find a permanent and adequate home

THE DURNING-LAWRENCE LIBRARY: So great is the pressure of space on this famous collection, at present housed in the Imperial Institute block at South Kensington, that many of the most precious treasures rarely see the light of day and a large portion of the bookcases has overflowed into passages and rooms continually used for other purposes. The library will be transferred to the new building in Bloomsbury

THE NEW NOVELLO PLAY: Fay Compton as Norma Matthews and Ivor Novello as Lieut.-Colonel Sir Geoffrey Bethel in a scene from the prologue of *Proscenium*. Sir Geoffrey proposes but is refused and duly takes his departure. Mr. Novello is almost unrecognizable in his make-up as a man past middle-age

THE WANING STAR REFLECTS ON THE TRAGEDY OF AGE: Norma Matthews (Fay Compton), unfortunately for the text of Mr. Novello's play, looking as beautiful as ever, talks of her failing looks to the youthful Raynor

PLAYS: By PHILIP PAGE

"Veronica" at the Embassy—a Queer Muddle of Farce and Comedy: "Give Me a Ring" at the Hippodrome—Musical Comedy with a Few Uproarious Moments: "The Fantasticks"—an Edmond Rostand Play Revived in London

IVOR NOVELLO as Gray Raynor and Zena Dare as Lady Raynor, his dominating mother. Mr. Novello takes the part of both the father and his son

NORMA (Fay Compton) suggesting the proper reading of a part to Eunice (Joan Barry) her dangerous young rival who aspires to act Juliet

"£25 OR I'LL GET SOMEBODY ELSE TO PLAY JULIET": Gray Raynor (Ivor Novello) adopts a warning attitude with Eunice (Joan Barry) who has set her heart on taking the part of Juliet. "Proscenium" follows the recent film fashion of depicting life behind the scenes

If ever a play seemed untranslatable, untransportable, and by the uninitiated, insupportable, that play is Edmond Rostand's *Les Romanesques*, which burst in the early 'nineties on a Europe saturated with Ibsenish realism. It is a flamboyantly delicious absurdity, which, like certain of the rosy wines of Anjou, might be officially catalogued as "will not travel."

Yet travelled it has. It travelled to the Royalty Theatre thirty years ago, and it has now travelled even farther—to the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, where the soil will probably be found to be more congenial.

Under the title of *The Fantasticks*, and played in English that is good, if hardly fantastical, it is excellent fun and not nearly so precious as might be imagined.

At the same time, I think it was a pity not to take a chance on the somewhat elusive charm of the original. There is in the present production a tendency to dot every "i" and to cross every "t" and to labour the farcical element. The effect is occasionally sesquipedalian and very very English. For the central idea is ironic rather than ludicrous. There is nothing essentially amusing in the plot, which concerns the scheme of the two fathers of two lovers, to compel them, by means of a "staged" assault and attempted abduction by a hired villain to force the pace and in common parlance, "to get on with it!"

This is a glorification and a condemnation of romanticism at the same time. The irony is lost if there is any marked striving to make the most of alleged comic situations. But the point is, I grant, a subtle one.

Sir Nigel Playfair, who appears as an eighteenth century father, himself strikes the right note, and, on simple lines, has given us a beautiful production. Particularly good are the ballet episodes, with their clever grouping, and with Mr. Maurice Besley's tuneful, well-scored, and truly romantic music.

Mr. Gyles Isham, who presents the play and has for it an enthusiasm which I fully share, appears as the sham villain. Sonorous and graceful, he has the necessary swagger, can wear his clothes well, and has the sense to let the part to a large extent play itself. Mr. Glen Byam Shaw, on the other hand, did not seem happy as the young lover, Percinet, and the poetry in his speeches went for very little. At one moment in the play there is the following scrap of dialogue:—

. . . "How did you act?"

PERCINET: "Really, Sylvette, do use a little tact."

So I will at least be tactful. Nor was Sylvette herself, in the person of Miss Angela Baddeley, beyond reproach. She forced the note and made the mistake of changing the tone of her voice with every other word and tacking a gesture on to every sentence.

A pity, for she has a charming personality and any amount of life and intelligence.

"Veronica."—I did not see Mr. C. K. Munro's play, *Veronica*, when it was first written five years ago. But the revised version, produced at the Embassy Theatre, is a queer muddle of farce and comedy, with one moment of intense pathos which, at the performance I attended, completely failed to register any effect whatever.

Veronica is interesting in parts, but Veronica, its heroine, is not. A more exasperatingly dull and offensive young woman has surely never figured as the heroine of any play; Mr. Munro expends all his skill, which is considerable, in vain when he makes his work depend so largely on such a character.

Veronica pretended to be in love with a young man, but was in earnest only in getting money from him and giving nothing in return. This money, and that obtained in a similarly respectable but utterly contemptible fashion from other men, she spent on running a home for a feckless husband who was supposed to be an artist of genius, but was in fact of the same type as the swarthy young gentlemen who gather at street-corners in Soho when they are not in prison for allowing immoral women to keep them.

Why Veronica troubled about him at all I could not fathom, for she informed one of her friends that she loathed him. With her young man's father she varied between getting a pound a

C. K. MUNRO'S "VERONICA" AT THE EMBASSY: Madeleine Carroll as Veronica Trew, the beautiful gold digger, who abstracts money from wealthy admirers in order to support her artist husband, Raphael (Harold Scott)

minute from him in return for her uninteresting company and flagrant blackmail.

In the final scene she glances with Hollywood goo-goodom at a divorce lawyer, who instead of warning her that she was qualifying for arrest, both for crime and for having bored a patient audience for so long, became sentimental and serious about her.

This was a difficult part for Miss Madeleine Carroll to tackle; she therefore contented herself with remembering the words and, a task in which she had no difficulty, with looking very pretty and wearing more frocks than there were Acts.

Mr. Harold Scott was amusing as the artist-husband, and when he was on the stage there was not a dull moment. Mr. Lawrence Anderson, a fine romantic actor with a voice of Ainleyan sonority and beauty, had merely to appear in one Act and a morning-coat as a conventional solicitor.

Mr. Munro has not altered my conviction that he cannot or, at any rate, does not, write badly. But in *Veronica* he is not in true form. Besides this heroine would be an intolerable load of lead round the neck of a better play that this.

French Plays.—Much ecstasy is poured out over the *Compagnie des Quinze*, now at Wyndham's, largely by people whose knowledge of French is not more than a pretence assumed through a desire to be thought *dans le mouvement*.

Not that the company is not sometimes brilliant and always provocative. But I am convinced that their first production, the play *Loire*, would have been received very differently had it been called *Thames*, written by a British dramatist and played by a British company.

The symbolism of the author, M. Obey, is overdone and rather untidy. One can endure such nature symbolism as, say, Mr. Douglas Byng's impersonation of an oak more sinned against than sinning. This history of a river, sin or no sin, overflowing its banks does not attempt humour, and after half-an-hour or so I began to cease to care what it did with its banks.

The acting is good, particularly that of M. Assy as a fox and M. Saran as an old oak of the non-Byng variety. But there is too much suggestion of a Christmas fairy play that has taken the wrong turning.

"Give Me a Ring."—The scene of the new Hippodrome musical comedy is the Porchester Hotel, an imaginary but very noisy spot. As an advertisement for the real Dorchester Hotel, *Give Me a Ring* is of doubtful value. Apart from the fact that the ladies at the Dorchester who work the telephone are possibly not so pretty as Miss Evelyn Laye, this stage hotel has officials who blackmail, assault women, and threaten men with knives; its assistant manager is an amorous half-wit and its chief a drunkard. Business secrets of the clients are listened in upon; gold clocks are stolen; there is pandemonium and crockery-smashing in the staff dining-room, a radio star sings *fortissimo* in his sitting-room in the small hours, and, worst of all, there is a revolving restaurant.

No, the Porchester Hotel I did not find attractive. But as long as an orchestra plays as loudly as possible tunes that resemble other tunes as closely as possible there will always be applause, and *Give Me a Ring* was received in friendly, if slightly hysterical fashion.

It is an attempt to graft on to a stock-sized musical-comedy plot the type of humour which of late has been a winning card at the Palladium. The joins show rather badly, though some uproarious moments were provided by Messrs. Flanagan and Allen, particularly when Mr. Flanagan—or it may have been Mr. Allen—concealed a real egg in the hand with which he shook Mr. Will Fyffe's hand. Mr. Fyffe is rather too subtle a comedian for musical comedy *de luxe*, jazzed up to frenetical 1933 requirements; but he scored some points as a sort of elderly Buttons to the story's Cinderella.

In having to sing at 11·25 p.m. a "pawky" number about a Scot proposing marriage he had my sympathy. On the whole, however, the "crazy" humour justified itself, and the agility of four young men who had nothing to do but fall down hard and often was indeed praiseworthy.

Even crazier was the construction of a highly sentimental plot, with Miss Evelyn Laye as the bewitching centre of it.

Miss Laye is thinner than she was, but, professionally speaking, has all the "fat," presumably on the lines that the business of a leading lady is to lead. The theory can, however, be pressed to extremes. I can understand Miss Laye's desire to get away at times from the blitherdom of love's misunderstandings, and from singing nonsensical eroticism to banal tunes; she has the technique of this at her pretty finger-tips, and although she is manifestly insincere, she could reasonably argue that it is difficult to be sincere with twaddle.

But most respectfully do I submit that her many talents do not include either dancing or the type of comedy that is the *métier* of Miss Beatrice Lillie.

Herr Ernst Verebes is slick enough, but has no outstanding quality to explain why it was necessary to send across the Channel for him. Mr. John Garrick, on the other hand, lives up to a distinguished name and sings admirably.

Not nearly enough use is made of that sprightly comedienne, Miss Gina Malo, whose only number of importance was placed at the very beginning of Act II, when the majority of the audience were groping for seats after much-needed stimulant.

ENTERTAINING THE QUEEN AND THE ECONOMIC CONFERENCE DELEGATES: Alicia Markova, who was billed to appear in the Camargo Ballet Society's gala performances at Covent Garden, organized in honour of the Queen and the visiting delegates to London

BRITAIN'S LEADING CHARACTER ACTOR: Cedric Hardwicke as the avaricious Dr. Haggett in *The Late Christopher Bean* at the St. James's Theatre. His efforts to cheat Gwenny the Welsh maid (Edith Evans) of a fortune provide entertainment that is drawing all London

STARRING AT THE WESTMINSTER: Leonora Corbett who is appearing in the new farce *Cupid and the Don*. The play is hardly a successful successor to *The Lake*, but Miss Corbett once again reveals her outstanding ability

BOOKS

By CECIL ROBERTS

Standing on a warm June evening by the head of a great staircase where one of the loveliest and most famous hostesses in England received a multitude of guests, I found myself wondering why so many desert the countryside just when it is at its loveliest and throng to London at its dustiest. Every year I find myself torn between my individual self and my social self by this monstrous institution of The Season—in the month of June. It is hateful to depart from the garden where the roses have just blown, and where the honeysuckle is in blossom. By the week-end, when we again return, they will be past their beauty, and the wild briar roses in the hedges and the syringa filling the night with perfume will have faded. As if to add to our lament the publishers have an unkind habit of issuing at this time of the year enticing books on the English countryside. Mr. Thomas Burke's book *The Beauty of England* (Harrap. 7s. 6d.), is the production of a lover of the countryside. I imagine Mr. Burke has had this book in compilation for some time. He makes a leisured journey through the South, the Midlands, the Home Counties, and a few odd districts. He is not always up to date, and it is a pity that he has not had many of his impressions verified by those who know the scenes he writes about more intimately. Where I have been able to test him I have found him wrong at times. He writes of the picturesque and busy market-place at Nottingham. Alas! it is no more. It vanished some years ago, and in a frenzy of spending a grandiose Council House was erected, and a ludicrous Piazza was made of the unique old market-place, where a busy scene of booths with their varied merchandise had taken the place of the ancient goose and cattle markets. The present market-place, set on a tilt so that the water seems to be pouring out of the ornamental basins, is now the popular lounging place of the unemployed. Mr. Burke is wrong, too, about the road to Clifton Grove making an ascent high above the river. Then, too, he is quite in error when he asserts that in Midland homes the four o'clock drawing-room tea is unknown and that tea means a high affair of several courses set in the dining-room. In working-class homes this is correct, but in all other homes the custom of the Midlands is as everywhere else.

But these are mere details in a very pleasant book written by a man who warmly loves England and has a shrewd eye for a scene. I do not know how in any book on England's beauty he can omit the Chilterns and the Thames Valley. The fact is Mr. Burke's book is obviously a collection of essays which are not complete, and there are many districts of England upon which he has not touched. He is such a pleasant companion, so ready to find pleasure and to appreciate kindness, that I hope he will complete his task in another volume. Quite rightly he takes up Mr. Belloc for his ignorance in calling the Midlands "sodden and unkind." There is as much beauty in these counties as anywhere in England. Warwick, Bridgnorth, Ludlow, Dovedale, Lichfield, their names alone conjure up the magic they possess for all who have seen them. The man who has not seen Ombersley does not know the English village at its loveliest.

Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell is another lover of England. He tries to make us sad for something that is passing, so he calls his book *This Was England* (Hodder and Stoughton. 8s. 6d.). His England is very different from Mr. Burke's. Mr. Vachell is the country gentleman accustomed to live in the generous style of the old days. He dwells in a lovely house, Widcombe Manor, near Bath, an architectural gem in itself. He loves old gardens and likes to keep alive the old customs. In this book of his he has kept a calendar of the months and in loose form gossips pleasantly and instructively of country lore and customs which are sadly falling into disuse. Then at times he goes on excursions into antique shops, or turns aside to castigate some modern craze. He even takes an opportunity to defend old maids, traduced in all modern fiction. "The women of to-day who compete with men in so many fields of endeavour are losing humour because they have to concentrate all energies upon their objectives. They see the forest, not the trees. My traffics with old maids have been increasingly agreeable, because I never discuss sex with them. Like flowers and weeds we are bi-sexual. The cave man and the cave woman are not interesting except on the film. Civilized man born of woman must have a lot of his mother in him, and vice-versa."

I am glad he registers a protest against the pedantic habit of talking about flowers with their Latin names. A lady visiting my garden the other day seemed to take a delight in making me appear as ignorant as possible. She alluded to all the flowers by their Latin names and robbed them of half their loveliness. I agree with Mr. Vachell that "any young woman who discards forget-me-not in favour of *myosotis* ought to be condemned to wear sky-blue stockings for the rest of her unnatural life." Undoubtedly Mr. Vachell laments an England "that was" when he talks of the old custom of Hallowe'en, of nine maids lined up in the hall to jump over twelve candlesticks, of the wassail bowl, and of dragging in the great log. I thought all this belonged to the era of Washington Irving. Mr. Vachell makes a gallant attempt to stay the hand of Time and of the Income-tax Collector. He labels himself not Conservative but Preservative, and yet he is not an old fogey. "Here in England we go on kowtowing to rank and wealth. There is no more painful experience for a man of letters than to read the fulsome dedications penned by men of genius to patrons not fit to black their boots." He is all for a return to the land, and a little more firm ruling. The house in which Mr. Vachell so pleasantly dwells was once the home of Fielding, who wrote part of *Tom Jones* there. There is much nonsense talked about the large sums earned by novelists to-day, for Fielding received £2,000 for his book in the day when money was money. *This Was England* is charmingly produced and invites the attention on every page.

Out and About (Murray. 10s. 6d.) is the title Mr. Archibald Marshall gives to his book of reminiscences. I had no idea he had been about so much or that he was so deeply apprenticed to journalism. This book of pleasant chatter about well-known figures, most of them of a past era, covers a variety of incidents. From time to time, Mr. Marshall was a special correspondent for various papers and a friendship with Northcliffe made contact with Fleet Street. He was a co-editor with Gosse of a Carmelite House experiment. It is a pity Mr. Marshall has tried to crowd in so many names and minor incidents; it makes his book jerky, and there are some things he touches on that would be the better for expansion. Is the story true of Hughes's retort to President Wilson? It deserves to be. Wilson and Hughes were having a wordy warfare at the Versailles Conference. Wilson banged the table and said, "I would have you know, Mr. Hughes, that I represent 90,000,000 live Americans!" Instantly came the answer—"I'd have you know, Mr. President, that I represent 60,000 dead Australians." There is an appalling account of how Northcliffe ordered a serial, how Marshall wrote to order and altered it to order, and long before it was finished, Northcliffe lost all interest in it. He retains an affection for his old chief, even while recording the famous Olympia lunch to the staff, at which the Vicar of Hampstead Garden Suburb offered up a prayer for "thy servant Alfred." He certainly presents another side of the magnate's character. And then, a few days after this incident, Mr. Marshall departed for America "where they had lately discovered me as a novelist." In a chapter on Rye he gives Ford Madox Hueffer a sound trouncing for his disparaging comments on Henry James "who for nine years before his death had kept Hueffer at arm's length."

There are more reminiscences in Mr. Arthur Mason's *Come Easy Go Easy* (Cape. 7s. 6d.), but these are of a very different order. Mr. Mason was a prospector and was in the Nevada Hills Gold Rush. He writes of his adventures there with a mule and some companions, dishonest and otherwise. The rough and ready life and justice of the mining camp is vividly brought to life. He deserted his ship in San Francisco. His luck was varied, but he left the camp after two years with 7,500 dollars, 6,500 of this won at the gambling table on his last night. He arrived back in San Francisco to experience the earthquake, and then returned to the sea again, his first and last love. "When I felt the sea's arms cradle the ship I said good-bye to the hills and all the gold in them. From now on I would prospect and pan the gold in the setting sun." A good honest narrative compressed into a few words.

Mr. Gilbert Frankau in his novel *Everywoman* (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.) has set himself a difficult task. He has undertaken to tell in the first person the story of a woman who was at heart a prostitute, and sits writing her confession in the cell of the convent to which she has retired. At the close of this long confession it seems probable that she will break out, for the one man who has held her love throughout her miscellaneous adventures is still living and now in a position to marry her. For this reason I have not much faith in all the pious prayers that interrupt from time to time the narrative of her life. The picture of Olive Sancetti's life is vivid and varied enough. Mr. Frankau dashes us about the world with vivid descriptions of life in Rome, Paris, and New York. It has all Mr. Frankau's gusto and not a little of his gift for mischievous fun poked at the glum and good. He can hardly expect us to take his lady seriously for all her pious interludes. This is a long confession, there are 400 pages of it, and Mr. Frankau sees to it that the narrative never flags.

Mr. I. V. Morris's first novel, *Covering Two Years* (Cape. 7s. 6d.), has a very different heroine. She is about the most disagreeable woman I have met in fiction. She insists that bad fortune follows her, and is infallibly gloomy and introspective. Mr. Morris does his job so well that one is held by a kind of repulsion. Judith comes out of her uncle's house at Boston, a kind of morgue, and experiences a love affair. There is the usual American ecstasy over life in Paris, and then a return to America. Mr. Morris has written *à la Freud*, and sex-repression plays havoc with introspective Judith. A sombre, repellent novel, with a clever study of a woman's diseased mind.

Miss Marjorie Booth in *Overture to Fortune* (Murray. 7s. 6d.) reveals a distinct gift for portraying the life of the lower middle class. Mrs. Rachel Bruff, with ambitions for her son and daughter and something of contempt for her husband, is a vivid creation. The poor woman is defeated in the end, but she remains an Olympian, magnificent in her battle with adverse fate. I recommend this well-written, and extremely honest novel. There is not a puppet in the whole gallery of characters.

Drawn by Percy Home

PILGRIM COTTAGE: An impression of Mr. Cecil Roberts' delightful Oxfordshire home at Assendon, near Henley, which provides the title of his latest novel. Mr. Arnold Palmer's review of *Pilgrim Cottage* appears below

The clash of the old and the new, an encounter always picturesque, dramatic, and harsh, appeals irresistibly to Mr. Cecil Roberts. It was the theme of his Austrian novel, *Spears Against Us*, and it is the theme of his Russian novel, *Pilgrim Cottage* (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.), which has been published this week. Dozens, hundreds of novelists have been stirred by the changing order, but almost invariably they have taken sides and thereby killed the thing they loved. Mr. Roberts is the exception. He is scrupulously fair. He never lets us see where his sympathies lie, whether he is revolutionary or reactionary at heart. As a result his work gains enormously. Avoiding sentiment, avoiding propaganda, it achieves something of the inevitability and dignity of history.

Pilgrim Cottage carries the reader from Oxfordshire to Venice and back again before conducting him to Russia; and though the Russian chapters will probably make the reputation of the book the whole novel moves swiftly. Romance has been defined as a sense of setting out, of beginning, of starting, and in the light of that definition Mr. Roberts' story is strongly romantic. It gives one a brave and ready feel, such as a fresh horse gives the rider. It also contains, besides some astonishingly detailed descriptions of life in Moscow, two full-length portraits of stage celebrities of international fame as well as one sketch of an obnoxious notoriety. The reader emerges from the book as from an actual experience and returns to a world which offers, somehow, new possibilities.

Arnold Palmer.

"The Beauty of England"—A Leisured Journey Through the Countryside: Mr. Frankau's Latest Novel

FILMS OF THE HOUR

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII": A scene from the new dramatic comedy which will shortly be presented in the West End. The King (Charles Laughton), for the moment a widower, falls violently in love with the vivacious Catherine Howard (Binnie Barnes) who is presented to him at a banquet at Hampton Court. She becomes his fifth wife

A HEROINE OF THE SILENT DAYS RETURNS TO THE SCREEN: Mary Pickford and Leslie Howard, one of the most accomplished of the British actors in Hollywood, in the film version of *Secrets* which is now having its London première

'WALTZ TIME" TO THE MUSIC OF JOHANN STRAUSS: Rosalinde (Evelyn Laye) and her flirtatious author husband Eisenstein (Tritz Schulz) who have scored a great success in A. P. Herbert's adaptation of the Strauss operetta, *Die Fledermaus*. They are supported by a strong cast including Gina Malo, Ivor Barnard, and D. A. Clarke Smith

MERLE OBERON AS ANNE BOLEYN in the delightful period costume she wears in the new London Film production, *The Private Life of Henry VIII*

THE FIRST ALL-INDIAN TALKING PICTURE TO BE SEEN IN THIS COUNTRY: Himansu Rai and Devika Rani in *Karma*. The picture is played amid a magnificent background of palaces and temples

THE HEROINE AT THE TIVOLI: Evelyn Laye as she appears, transformed by the make-up expert, for her part in *Waltz Time* in which she gives one of the best performances of her career

ENGELBERT, COUNT OF NASSAU: A striking portrait by a Flemish master of the sixteenth century. It was formerly in the Richter collection, Berlin

A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY MASTERPIECE: Portrait of a lady by B. Zeitblom. One of the many fine pictures to be offered at the forthcoming sale of the Nijenrode collection

GRECO-ROMAN SCULPTURE: Satyr and Bacchante. A double-headed bronze from the Nijenrode sculpture collection

AN APOTHECARY'S MORTAR: A Florentine bronze of the sixteenth century worked in the form of a baptismal font. Note the serpent, the symbol of the apothecary's calling

"LA DAME AU BOA": A pastel by Edouard Manet (by permission of Alex. Reid and Lefevre, Ltd.)

"DANSEUSE ROSE": Pastel by Degas on exhibition at the Lefevre Galleries, King Street, St. James's

DUTCH ART

A Famous Collection with a Strange History Comes into the Market Under Sensational Circumstances

The Onnes de Nijenrode collection of priceless pictures, sculptures, jewellery, furniture, etc., from the Castle of Nijenrode, near Breukelen in Holland, will be sold by the well-known Amsterdam art dealers and auctioneers, Messrs. Mensing and Son, from July 4 to 7. The collection has come unexpectedly into the market, through rather sensational circumstances. Whether that adds value to it or not it is difficult to say; but it certainly provides the collection with a secondary interest and an immense amount of publicity.

The Castle of Nijenrode is old and famous. Pictures by Salomon Ruysdael, which are included in the present sale, show it to have been very much the same in his day as it is in ours. But until its purchase by a certain Heer Onnes, a well-known financier of The Hague, it was in a very bad state of repair. The Heer Onnes, who has had many fortunes in his day and appears to have lost most of them with astonishing ease, had the good sense, from an artistic point of view, to spend one of them on the complete restoration of Nijenrode, which he then proceeded to decorate with the works of old Italian, German, Flemish, and Dutch masters, and to furnish with rare examples of antique furniture, silverware, tapestries, etc.

"He always seemed to us a man whose taste was as notable as his fortune," said one of the dealers along the Rokin, Amsterdam's street of antiquity shops. And the collection now being offered by Mensing's is proof enough that the Heer Onnes knew a good thing when he saw it. Little wonder that these dealers find it difficult to credit the story that has come to light recently.

On February 29 last year a daring burglary took place in the Castle of Nijenrode. The newspapers next day were full of the sensational news of what looked like one of the most successful art thefts of modern times. It was reported that the thieves, aided by a night of tempest, had broken into the castle and, without leaving the remotest clue behind, had succeeded in getting away with five rare canvases, a big number of miniatures, and a priceless haul of jewellery and silverware. Reporters besieged the castle and found the Burchtheer almost in a state of collapse. The newspapers wrote up the history of Nijenrode, and gave columns to the subject of famous art thefts. The police scratched their heads and assaulted the microphone with details. The insurance companies whispered among themselves, delayed the payment of compensation, and offered 10,000 gulden for information.

A year went by and nothing much was heard of Nijenrode. One took it for granted that the insurance companies had paid up and that the thieves had got safely out of the country. But the police are obstinate fellows. The other morning we woke up to find that Nijenrode had again captured the headlines, with news that the police had recovered the stolen haul and had arrested the Heer Onnes van Nijenrode, a private detective and his secretary, a former wealthy inhabitant of The Hague, a flower merchant, and four burglars. It then transpired, according to the police story, that the burglary had been carried out under the instructions of the owner himself! He had left the country and settled in Germany, but, called to the sick bed of his wife, who had remained in Holland, he walked straight into the arms of the police.

The story becomes odder and odder. It appears that the Heer Onnes, who had lost heavily in financial speculations, had sold Nijenrode to a Mr. Goudsticker, one of the best-known Amsterdam art dealers, with the stipulation that he be permitted to remain in residence. The castle only changed hands on paper, and its art possessions remained the property of Mr. Onnes; but the real owner of Nijenrode decided to supplement the Onnes collections with valuable pieces from his own galleries. Some of these were victims of the "burglary." A private detective got in touch with Mr. Goudsticker and the insurance companies and, in return for the offered reward, guaranteed to arrange the recovery of the stolen antiquities.

A midnight rendezvous is said to have followed. Two cars passed each other on a lonely road. In one of these was Mr. Goudsticker and the private detective. In the other a masked man who exhibited

(*Continued on p. 36*)

SIMPLE HOLIDAY CLOTHES

and some interesting accessories

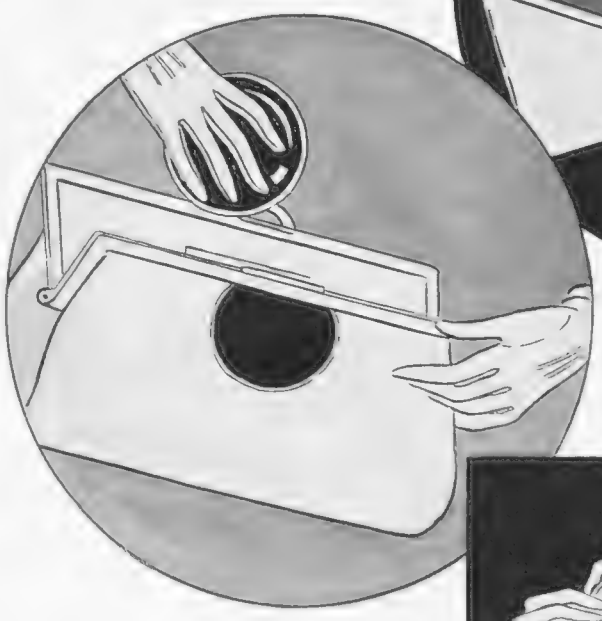
One of the most interesting aspects of the summer mode is the revival of interest in every form of embroidery and delicate hand work. The more simple the line of the frock the greater the amount of attention lavished on details that are never conspicuous except by their perfection.

There is a very definite feeling for smocking, which is being used on every type of dress, both for formal and informal occasions. Lilla, of 7, Lower Grosvenor Place, Buckingham Palace Road, is a specialist in this art, and her hand-smocked overalls have been renowned for very many years. Naturally, she is now concentrating on hand-smocked frocks, a very charming example of which is seen on the right-hand figure in the above group. The dress is of plain crêpe-de-chine, with a scarf collar lined with floral silk, and it is particularly becoming for it is both full and slender.

A light-weight wool is used for the two-piece, which has a gaily patterned vest and scarf. Specialists in the art of remodelling, this is one of Lilla's most successful models. The patterned yoke and top sleeves replace the weariest parts of a frock that is no longer new, and entirely transform it. The coat, which was originally a full-length one, is shortened, and takes its place in the forefront of fashion on account of the clever squared shoulder treatment.

A personal visit is not essential, and Lilla undertakes the renovation of all types of gowns and coats, whether or not they were originally made by her. A most interesting catalogue will be sent on request. It covers an exceptionally wide field, for there are helpful suggestions for cruising and tropical outfits for evening dresses, and for formal and informal day clothes.

Below—
Racing enthusiasts will appreciate the compactness of this crocodile bag, which, in addition to the usual feminine fitments, contains a silver flask and spectacle-binoculars that weigh less than 3 ozs. and are very easily adjustable as to width and vision. It also has a long strap which enables it to be slung over the shoulder



A cruising pochette in white washable calf with a red, blue, or green flag. It is made alternatively in linen crash

Immediately above is a neat calf bag in a medium and dark tone, with a matching flap-jack, while on the right is a triple-opening bag in calf or seal. This is particularly useful for travelling and shopping expeditions. It is made in all colours, and completes the quartette from J. C. Vickery of Regent Street

PROGRESS OF BRITISH INDUSTRIAL ART

The Growing Alliance Between Artist and Manufacturer

By DOROTHY TODD

The British Industrial Art Exhibition opened on June 20 by H.R.H. Prince George is an event the importance of which both to the manufacturer and the consumer of this country may scarcely be over-estimated. The Exhibition was originally planned by a group of private individuals, but on the publication of the Report of the Committee on Art and Industry under the chairmanship of Lord Gorell, it was decided to make that Report a basis for the Exhibition. For that reason its promoters have consulted with the Department of Overseas Trade and it may be definitely stated that while the Exhibition is privately organized it is welcomed and has been watched sympathetically by the Government.

In the B.I.A. Ex. the public will find, for the first time in England, a selected and comprehensive picture of the best industrial production conceived in the spirit of the age. The public will not find there any object whose designer has mistaken vulgarity for modernism, or any object in which the cowardly spirit of compromise has produced an historic hybrid. It has been suggested that we should exploit to its fullest advantage "the great artistic genius of the nation." But to function with a maximum of vitality, artistic genius must express itself in terms of a contemporary idiom. It is not for us to assess now the final measure, in history, of the age in which we live. Our immediate need is rather to analyse and exploit its essential characteristics along the lines of their logical development. And let us in England above all beware: we cannot turn back. For better or worse we are living in the TWENTIETH century. And any attempt to swim against the current can only result in stagnation. We may indeed postulate that it is an essential proof of value that an object should bear unmistakably the imprint of the age which produced it.

But this age is complex and must be considered to some extent transitional. We shall therefore find in this Exhibition a variety of objects whose link with the past is more apparent, even many which may satisfactorily be combined with *other*-period styles. For the dyed-in-the-wool individualist there is therefore no immediate cause for alarm.

Emerging from the main hall we come upon a sports scene, featuring a small swimming-pool, which my energetic friends assure me is now considered an indispensable ingredient of the modern home. On the right a characteristic dining-room by Heal, a bedroom of great beauty by Raymond McGrath, rooms by R. W. Symonds and Gordon Russell, and Wells-Coates' minimum flat which attracted H.R.H. Prince George's particular attention and is, in fact, generally considered one of the high spots of the Exhibition. A bathroom by Oliver Hill, and Chermayeff's quite admirable week-end house defy all foreign competition.

The second floor shows impressive glass, pottery, china, and kitchen sections, together with an interesting exhibit arranged by the National Book Council of the Nonesuch Press. Gallery A contains *ensembles* or furnished rooms of exceptional distinction by Oliver Hill (bedroom); Arundell Clarke (study for a reigning prince); living room and bath cabinet designed by O. Milne, and an admirable nursery in which a real baby was functioning convincingly when I last saw it. Gallery A also contains a superb exhibit of rugs designed by E. McKnight Kauffer and Marion Dorn, presented by the Royal Wilton carpet factory, which stands high among the most intelligent and progressive firms in England to-day.

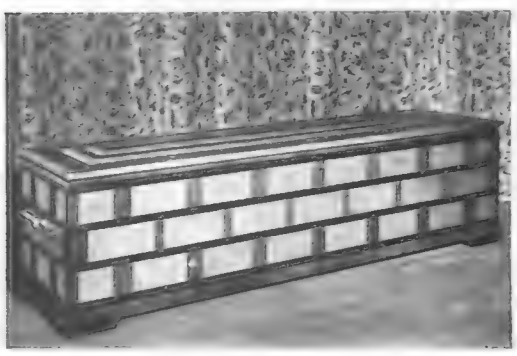
Gallery B contains the exhibits of some of the aces of the textile trade: Messrs. Warner, Donald Brothers, Allen Walton, Turnbull and Stockdale, Old Bleach, Scottish Textile Weavers, East Anglian Weavers, Bruce Berners—to mention only a few. The patriotic and unselfish co-operation of these masters of industry has been a contribution of incalculable value to the success of the B.I.A. Exhibition.

In Gallery C Yorkshire is represented by Listers of Bradford, and this Gallery also shows interesting textile displays by Cresta and many talented designers. Wallpapers by Sanderson and Lines and ensembles by Duncan Miller, Hartigan, and Green and Abbott, complete this exhibit.

No notice of this Exhibition would be complete without a full and grateful acknowledgment of the work of Mr. Oliver Hill, A.R.I.B.A., in whose mind the Exhibition originated and without whose untiring and wholly unselfish efforts it could never have taken place.

FURNISHING FABRICS OF DISTINCTION: Hand-painted designs in artificial silk and cotton by H. J. Bull and Bernard Adeney. Printed by Allen Walton Textiles and exhibited at Dorland House

DIFFUSED LIGHTING: A new type of floor standard by Troughton and Young. The concealed lamp and reflector cast their light on the ceiling, imparting a gently diffused illumination over the room



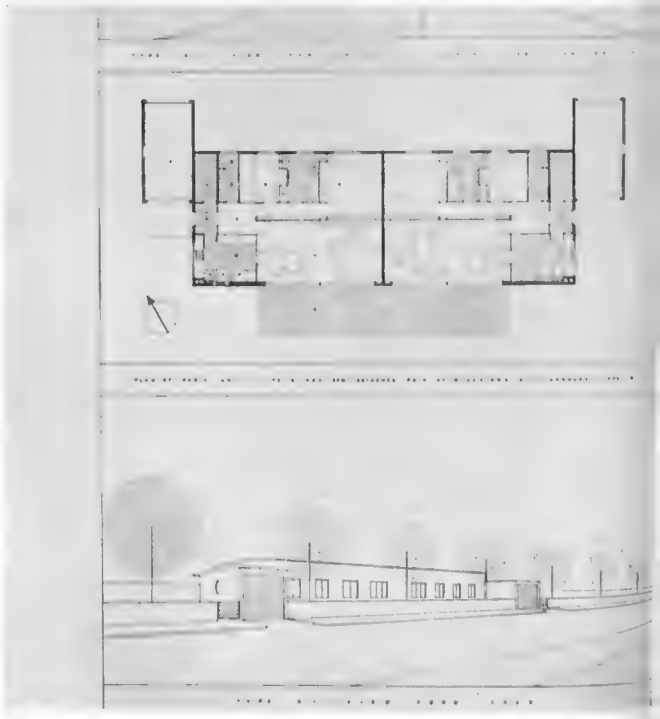
A STRIKING EXAMPLE of the cabinet-maker's art by Howard and Sons, Limited, illustrating the effective employment of contrasting woods

"CAMBRIA": Tea set, with conventional floral border, enamelled in a pale shade of green paste and orange on an ivory ground

THE WEEK-END HOME: A pleasing scheme in Mr. Chermayeff's 1933 living-room. Straightforward simplicity and a judicious employment of steel are the keynotes

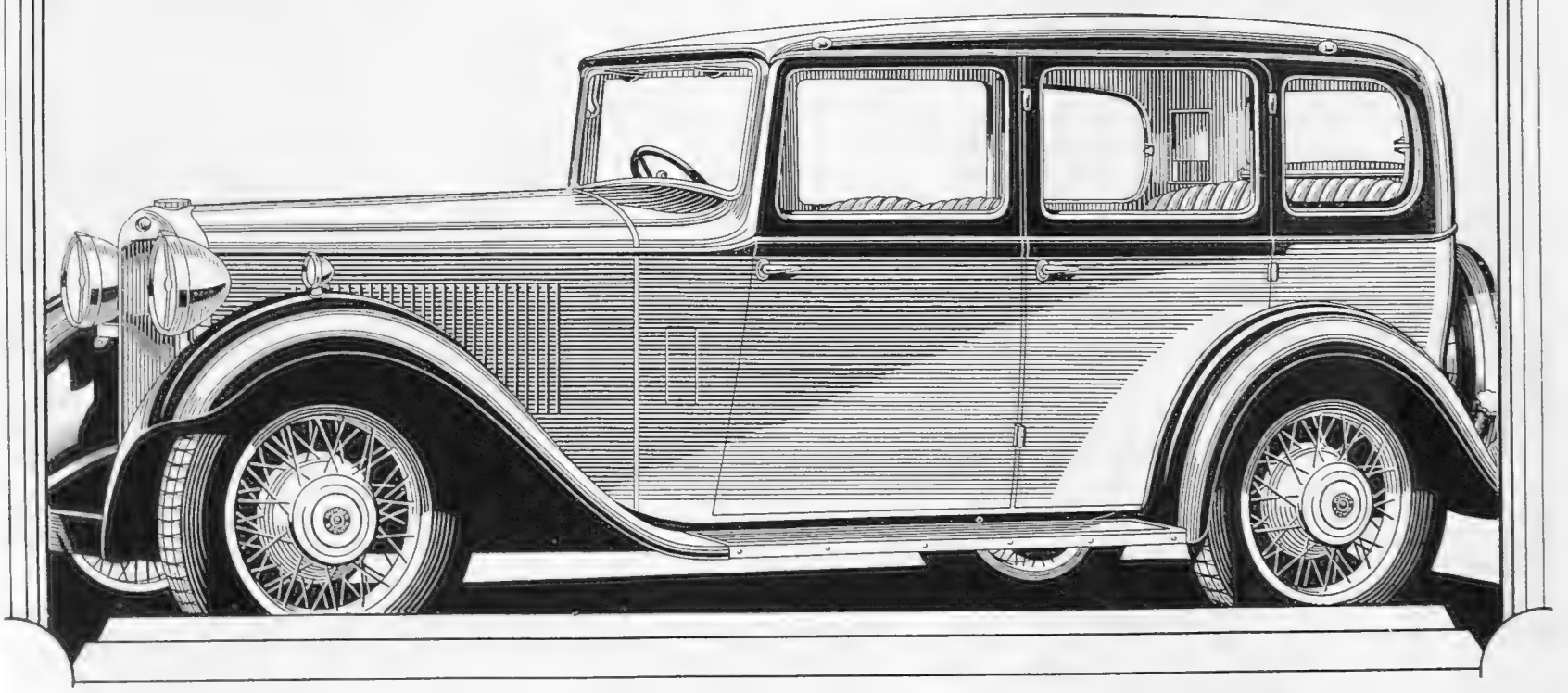
THE ARCHITECT AND THE FURNISHER COMBINE: A bedroom designed by Raymond McGrath, A.R.I.B.A., and exhibited at Dorland House by Trollope and Sons. The built-in furniture has been made possible by the conception of the building and its equipment as one unit

SIR AMBROSE HEAL EXPRESSES THE MODERN TREND OF FURNISHING: Where Australian walnut, sycamore, and chromium plated steel combine in the making of a modern and delightful dining-room scheme



A CHERMAYEFF BUNGALOW: A design in the modern manner by Serge Chermayeff

HUMBER'S NEW CONTRIBUTION TO 1933 MOTORING



To say "Twelve" and "4-cylinder" and a "full 4-seater Saloon" gives all motorists a fair idea of its size: to say 'Humber' gives the *experienced* motorist a complete picture in one word of the workmanship, finish and thoroughbred qualities he will find in it, and the performance he may expect from it

(Triplex glass throughout) - **SALOON £265**

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THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands: Special Motoring Correspondent of "The Sphere")

A NEW SPORTS SEVEN: This newly-designed two-seater just announced by the Austin concern is to sell at £148. Special engine features include a high-compression ratio, sports valve gear and manifolding, and a down-draught carburettor

THE NEW VAUXHALL LIGHT SIX.—It is a matter of real interest to motorists when a firm like Vauxhall Motors Limited introduce an entirely new model and this is what has taken place during the past week or so. The new Vauxhall will be known as the Light Six and can be purchased with either a 12-h.p. or 14-h.p. engine, the price being the same in either case. Light Sixes are by no means strange to the British motoring public but a Vauxhall Light Six is definitely a novelty. Although I have not had a very long run in one of these new models I have been at the wheel long enough to realize that this new Vauxhall has a character of its own and a very enviable one at that.

As its name implies this new car has a six-cylinder power unit and I think that the outstanding characteristic of the car is the relatively slow turning engine on account of the fairly high gear ratio used in the rear axle. Usually with 1½-litre engine having six cylinders, the revs. are fairly high when the speedometer registers 50 m.p.h., and one feels that the car is really moving, but with this new Vauxhall speed is very deceptive because, even at sixty and it will do this speed, the engine gives the impression that it is scarcely turning over at all. The designers have undoubtedly been clever in producing an engine with quite small dimensions yet giving off ample power at low revs. I found too, that on top gear the car can comfortably slow down to a walking pace which is another feather in the hat of the designer.

A SPORTSMAN'S CAR: Mr. Gerry Wilson, the well-known steeplechase jockey, with the Singer sports saloon of which he has recently taken delivery

TWIN-TOP AND SYNCHRO-MESH.—The valves are placed overhead and a down-draught carburettor is fitted. The crankshaft is sturdily constructed and is carried in four robust main bearings. To start it in the morning, matters have been arranged so that the movement of the lever which operates the strangler automatically opens the throttle so that the driver does not require three hands to perform this rather essential operation. The next important part of the chassis is the gear box and here the makers have given us four forward speeds as well as the usual reverse. The two highest are what we have now come to call twin-tops and both of these are of the synchro-mesh type so that gear changing, even on this low priced Vauxhall car, has lost its horrors.

The suspension is efficient and has been cleverly thought out. It is not too soft nor too hard, yet it successfully eliminates all jolts and jars. The steering is light and positive and an unusually good lock is provided. The brakes are of the semi-servo type and are certainly well up to their work. As a standard saloon, which by the way is so roomy that four outsize people can sit in it and travel in comfort, this new Vauxhall sells at £195. In these days of low prices we are apt to expect quite a lot for our money but I can honestly declare that I do not know where I could go in the motor-car trade to-day and get better value than is offered me in this Vauxhall. What is more it looks a real Vauxhall and in actual fact it is. The radiator has the fashionable slope and sets the car off well; on top is the usual Vauxhall mascot, which in this car is mounted particularly neatly, because the filling orifice for the water is under the bonnet. The grouping of the controls is good and the instrument patch is neatly arranged.

INTERESTING POINTS.—Other interesting items in connection with this car are: safety glass fitted throughout; nine-gallon petrol tank, situated at the rear of the chassis and concealed in the tail; electric wiring carried out with four fuse circuits, the head-lamp dipper controlled by a foot-operated switch, the dynamo charging at three distinct rates, the first for summer months and the second for winter use, whilst the third, which is still higher, automatically comes into operation when the lamps are switched on.

THE VAUXHALL LIGHT SIX which is reviewed in the accompanying article. The twin-top gears of the syncro-mesh type make gear changing a very simple operation

WEST INDIES CRICKET TEAM (ENGLISH TOUR), 1933.
Left to right. Standing: E. Martindale, F. R. Martin, C. Merry, V. A. Valentine, I. Barrow, O. Da Costa, E. Achong.
Sitting: H. C. Griffith, E. L. G. Hoad, J. M. Kidney (Manager), G. C. Grant (Capt.), C. A. Wiles, C. A. Roach.
Front: B. J. Sealy, C. M. Christiani, G. Headley.

151 FITTINGS AND VARIATIONS IN THE

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Austin Reed

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The cynical say that a man never matters so little as on the day he is married. Whether because of that or in spite of it, it is quite certain that he can never be happy as a bridegroom until he knows he is as near perfection as good clothes can make him.

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P.1473

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GRENOBLE

As a Mountaineering Centre

THE DAUPHINÉ ALPS viewed from the old-world mountain village of Vaillouise

Few large towns occupy, from a mountaineering point of view, such a favoured situation as that of Grenoble. It lies at the bottom of a huge basin formed by the mountains which surround it. All are of great altitude and belong to two great Alpine systems—the limestone pre-Alps and the great crystalline Alps.

Built at the junction of the two important valleys which separate them—the Grésivaudan and the Valley of the Drac—the town has wonderful views from base (700 ft.) to summit (6,500 to 10,000 ft.) of the eastern side of the Massif du Vercors, the southern side of the Chartreuse mountains, the western side of Massif de Belledonne, and the northern side of the Taillefer.

The Rachais (3,300 ft.), the St. Eynard (4,200 ft.), and the Moucherotte (6,200 ft.) overhang the town; and their summits, all excellent view points, can be reached in half a day from Grenoble. Higher still the peaks and crags of the Belledonne rise to an altitude of nearly 10,000 ft., and very interesting climbs they provide, across snow pockets and glaciers, past deep mysterious-looking lakes, and through the spray of cascades and waterfalls. The greater ranges

AT THE SUMMIT OF THE MEIJE: A striking view from Le Lauteret

of the Grandes Rousses, the Pelvoux and the Sept Laux, are from one to two hours' journey from Grenoble by excellent valley roads, so that the climber arrives on the scene without preliminary fatigue. It was not until the nineteenth century that mountain-climbing came to be considered as a sport, and not until 1861 that the first ascents of the Dauphiné Alps were made, principally by Englishmen. Foremost among them were Tuckett, Bonney, Mathews and above all Whymper. It was the latter who achieved the outstanding distinction of being the first to make the ascent of the Barre des Ecrins.

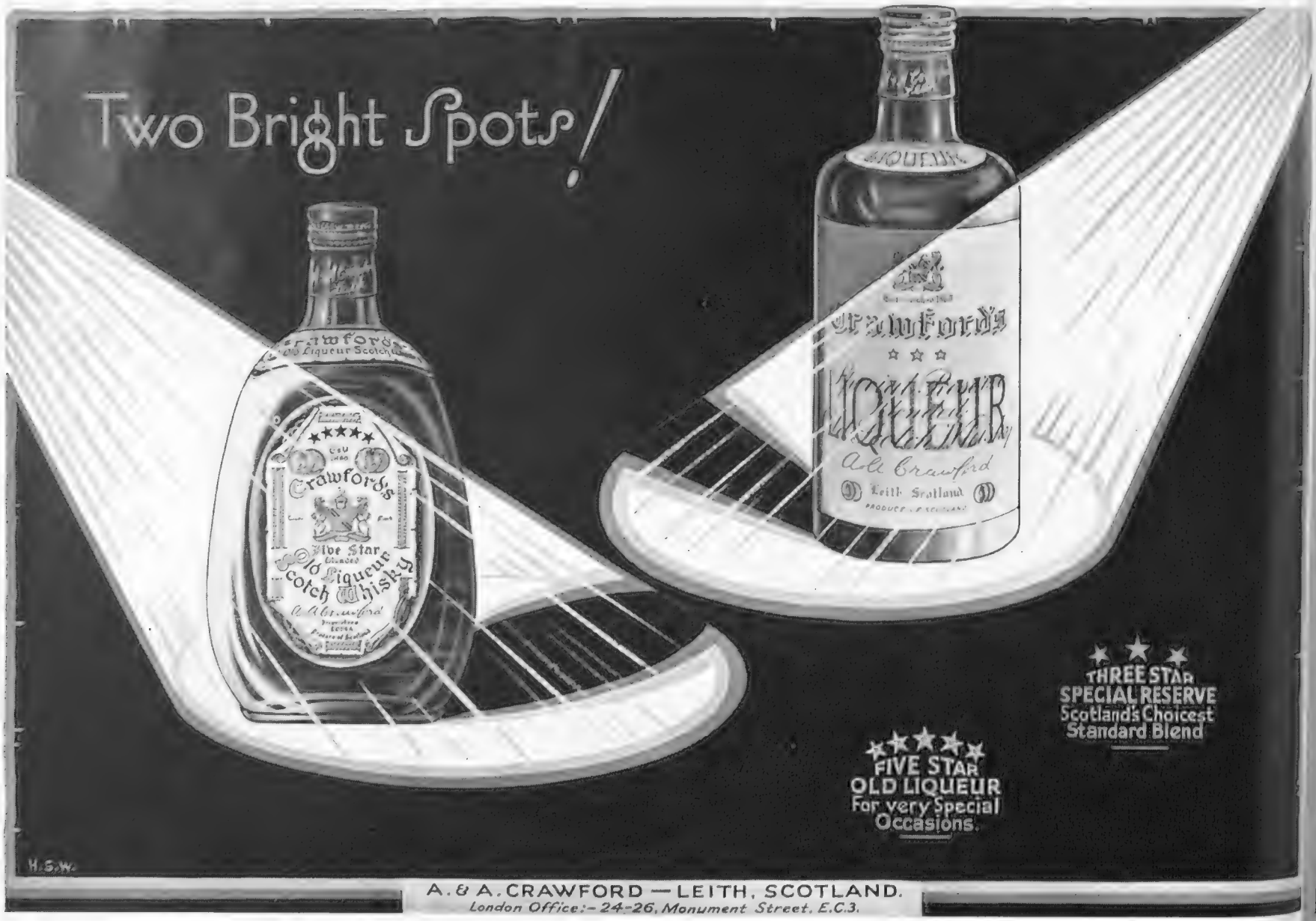
IN THE ISÈRE VALLEY: Grenoble nestling beneath the towering Belledonne Massif

Following in his steps a few years later, was the Rev. W. Coolidge, an American who conquered most of the peaks of the Pelvoux and the Meije.

Out of these auspicious beginnings came the foundation of the "Club Alpin Français" in 1874 and a year later, the "Société des Touristes du Dauphiné." The latter formed a corps of guides, an example followed by the Club Alpin. Since those days, these and other organizations of like kind, have laboured unceasingly on behalf of their sport, by building châlets and refuges, establishing and signposting routes, making maps, simplifying difficult rock climbs by the provision of cables, in short, by doing all in their power to attract new recruits to the ranks of mountaineers.

PEAKS OF THE BELLEDONNE MASSIF overlooking Grenoble and its famous river

THE WOODED HEIGHTS OF THE GRAND CHARTREUSE: A beauty spot of the French Alps



First Thing Every Morning Drink Hot Water and Lemon

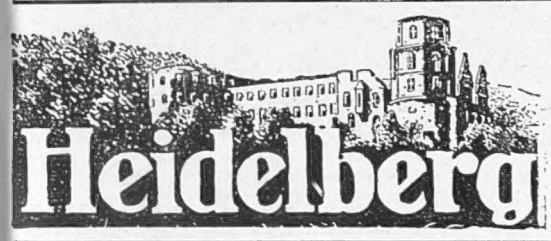
Flush Out "Acid Stomach" and Intestinal Accumulations.

Most of us suffer in some degree or other from acidity. Due to our sedentary habits, unnatural eating, excessive smoking and other abuses of health, too much acid forms in the stomach and the system. The excess acid causes acid-indigestion with gassy fullness, sourness, and burning. It sets up putrefaction of the waste matter in the bowels, which in turn breeds poisons that are absorbed by the system and makes us dull, lazy, and headachy.

One of the best things you can do to reduce acidity and combat auto-intoxication is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This is a splendid way to clean out the stomach and intestines, and make the whole digestive tract sweet and clean. You can make the hot water and lemon doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's saline Powder. This is a fine old natural alkaline-saline aperient that has been used for years to counteract acidity and the putrefactive processes in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

All chemists will supply you with Kutnow's Powder. Get about four ounces to start with and use it every morning for six or seven days. See the change it brings in your condition. You'll take a new interest in life. You'll be conscious of a new strength and energy and you'll be more eager for work and play. You'll sleep better at night. The whole world will look different to you because you'll be internally clean.

If nothing else than for a test, get four ounces of Kutnow's Powder to-day at your chemist and begin taking it to-morrow morning.



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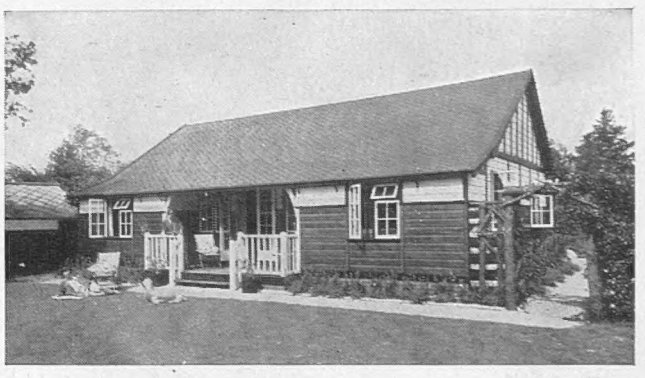

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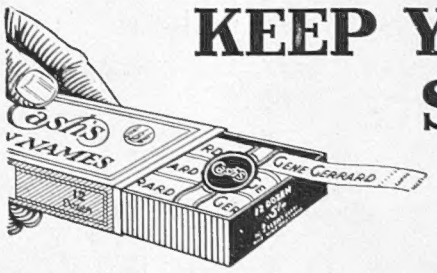

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PERSONAL SERVICE

(Continued from p. 16)

made out of stockings. You see crazy quilts made out of tailors' samples. A seatless pair of pyjamas will have the legs made up into children's vests. An old golf stocking is converted into a child's jumper. And so it goes on. Every day a number of parcels arrive at headquarters. I dived into one or two myself. They formed an extraordinary assortment. A pair of woman's evening shoes, silk stockings, jumpers, and various odds and ends. Every one of them will be turned to some useful purpose.

The greatest emphasis must be laid on the need for these old clothes. The League can never have enough of them. There is no such thing as waste. Evening dress suits which you might think useless for an unemployed man, come in very handy for unemployed boys who have a chance of becoming waiters in large towns like London where new restaurants are always springing up, and the ranks of the foreign waiters need more and more strengthening from local talent.

There is work for everybody, and anybody who wishes to help is very welcome. It is surprising how many women who have never done a stroke of work in their lives seem to enjoy knitting garments. Their work may be clumsy occasionally, but the garments are none the less warm. In these days when incomes have depreciated and contributions to charities automatically grow more difficult to send, it will probably come as a pleasant surprise to people who feel that they ought to do something to alleviate distress to know that unless they are complete cripples they can be utilized in some way or another by the Personal Service League, whether for cooking, unpacking, addressing envelopes, or anything else. It is also pleasant for them to realize that real gratitude is felt by the recipients. Here is a typical letter:

"DEAR SIR OR MADAM, OR TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN,—I feel it would be very ungrateful on my part if I did not show my appreciation and acknowledgment for the gift of those splendid clothes that you sent along to be distributed amongst the unemployed of Cleveland. We are a very illiterate set of people, but we do appreciate a good turn and acknowledge the same in our humble way, for really the clothes were a godsend and I feel I am expressing the thanks of the whole of the people. Thanking all those who have taken part in the giving, collecting, distributing, or in any humble way has helped to alleviate the distress that is prevailing in Cleveland. Thanking you once again, I remain, yours . . ."

It would be easy, of course, to write any amount of sob-stuff, but what I have written ought to show fairly clearly the need for contributions in kind or cash, as well as for personal service itself. As Lady Reading was saying, "The day that the League dies a natural death will be a red-letter day, for the necessity for it will be no longer existent, but while the need continues the League will carry on."

DUTCH ART

(Continued from p. 28)

through the window of the car, for Mr. Goudsticker's satisfaction, one of the stolen miniatures. That was good enough. The insurance company paid up and, in return, received a portion of the missing property. Now it happened that the police were on the track of fraudulent cigarette coupons (in Holland every packet of cigarettes carries a coupon of a certain value to the possessor) and came up against the private detective. His house was searched and, to the astonishment of the police, the search revealed the mystery of the Nijenrode burglary. Quick action followed, and the whole combination, from the owner of the castle to the humblest burglar, was soon behind iron bars.

According to the burglars, their instructions were to take the pictures, jewellery, and other antiquities into a ship, sail the ship a few miles from the coast, and then dump the haul overboard. But that is too much to ask of any burglar. Besides, Mr. Onnes appears to have been very slow in paying up his dues, and the men he had engaged were determined to hang on to the loot as security.

We must wait until after the summer vacation before we shall know the fate of the unlucky Onnes of Nijenrode. Meanwhile, the collection will be dispersed all over the world; for there is little doubt that the sale in Amsterdam will arouse much interest. Its value in normal times would be hard to compute; but the circumstances of the sale, and the reduced capacity of the collectors and museums to bid up to the standards of a few years ago, will undoubtedly affect the prices. Altogether, there are some 466 objects to be sold.

Some of the Dutch and Flemish primitives are of striking quality and rarity. There are valuable German works of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and examples of some of the rarer Dutch and Flemish masters of the seventeenth century, including an interesting early work by Jan van Goyen, signed I.V.G. and dated 1625. The furniture ranges over almost every period and every nationality, and includes some fine Gothic examples.

The embroideries and velvets, though a small collection, are very beautiful and rare, with one or two superb examples. Altogether, it is a collector's collection, but one of extremely catholic tastes. There is something for everybody in this array of works from the artists and craftsmen of many ages and many lands. And they will not be sold for prices anything like those which the unfortunate Mr. Onnes van Nijenrode paid for them.

Reception for the W.E.C. Delegates

A reception was given last week to the delegates to the World Economic Conference by the directors of Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd., and the Cie. Internationale des Wagons-Lits in their spacious booking hall at Berkeley Street, London. The hall presented a brilliant spectacle, with its magnificent lighting effects, enhanced by the illuminated scenic models with which the walls are panelled. The rectangular Continental booking counter, which occupies the centre of this large hall of more than one-third of an acre, was utilized as a buffet. A profusion of flowers and the sporting trophies won by the company's staff, with music provided by an excellent orchestra, added to the atmosphere of gaiety. The exterior of the building was floodlit and a large car park on the side of Lansdowne House was acquired specially for the convenience of those present. It seems very appropriate that delegates to the World Conference should be entertained by the world-wide organization that has been officially appointed to look after their travelling arrangements. Upwards of 1,000 guests were received by Sir Edmund and Lady Wyldbore Smith.

THE MONYMUSK RELIQUARY

The announcement that the Monymusk Reliquary, referred to in last week's issue of THE SPHERE, was not to be offered for sale created intense disappointment at Christie's last week when a large crowd gathered for what was considered the most important auction of the year. It appears that this ancient relic of Christianity in Britain is entailed with other property on the Forglen Estate, and before the owner, Sir Lindsay Grant, can dispose of it certain sanctions of the court will be necessary. General opinion indicates that the Reliquary will soon make its re-appearance in the auction rooms.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

On July 3, an advance party of boys from the old *Arethusa* Training Ship will go on board the new *Arethusa*, which is now permanently moored at Upnor, near Rochester. £15,000 is still urgently needed for alterations, equipment, etc. Please send a donation so that this great work of training poor boys for the two Sea Services may be carried on. Gifts will be gratefully acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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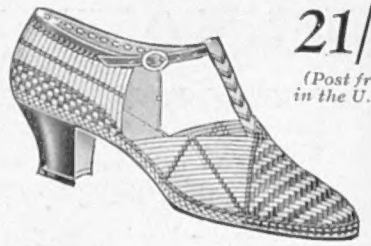

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REAWAKENING INDUSTRY

THE ADVERTISING MIND AT WORK

EXAMPLE NO 2

A household use found for a laboratory article

It was suggested to a manufacturer making an article with a small laboratory use that he should make the same article in a different form for use in the people's homes.

Never having manufactured for the retail trade, the proposal startled him.

However, a market investigation proved that an opportunity for multiplying his sales existed.

A sales manager was found for him, a trade mark invented, a sales staff enrolled, marketing and advertising plans were laid before him, and to-day his article is a household word in thousands of homes.

Hundreds of examples like this of discovered opportunities for sales and profit, of markets opened up, of new outlets for trade disclosed as the result of applying the advertising mind to the manufacturer's problem can be found at the Advertising and Marketing Exhibition at Olympia.

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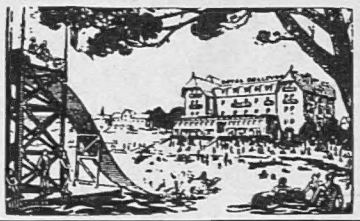

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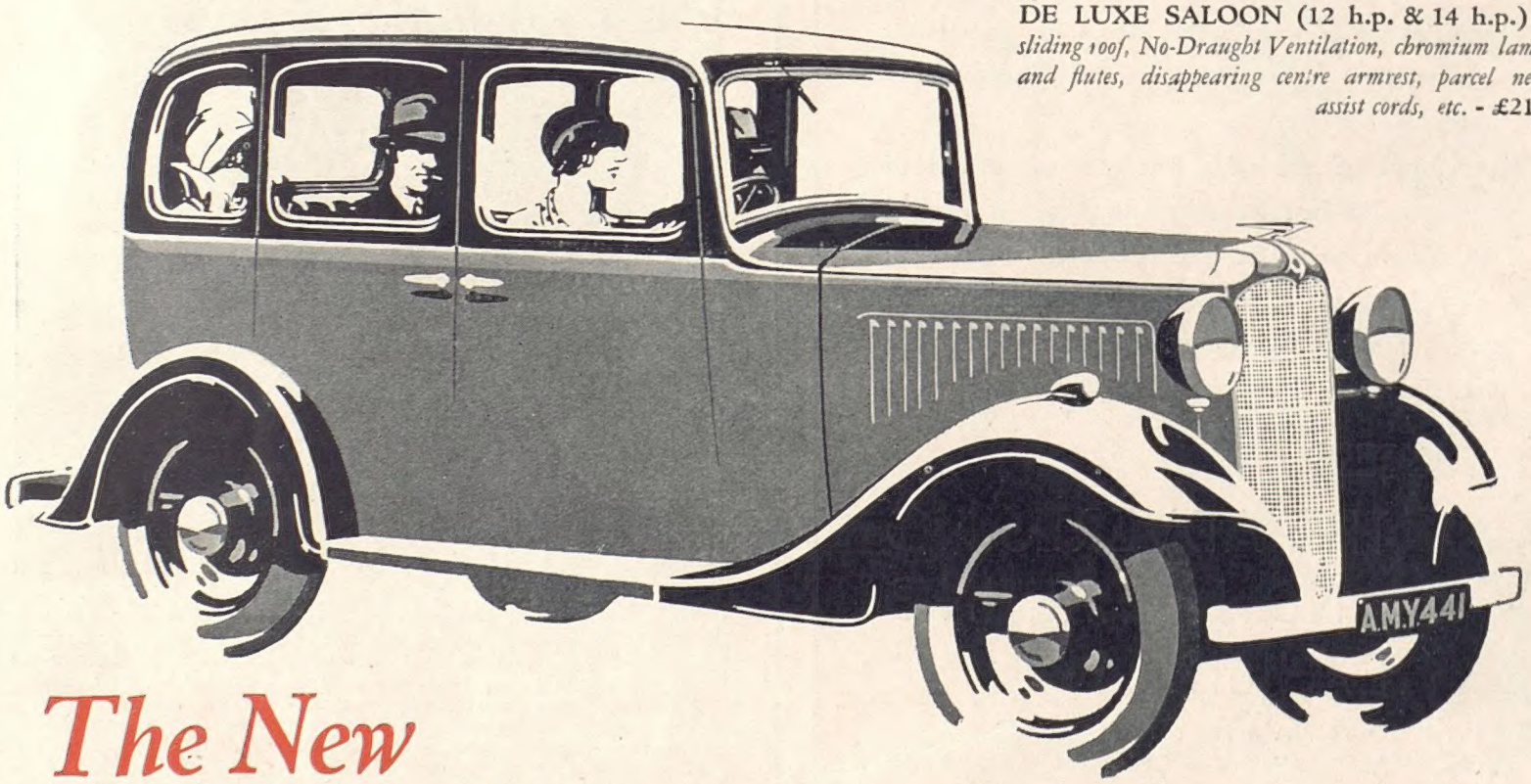

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